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Saturday Review

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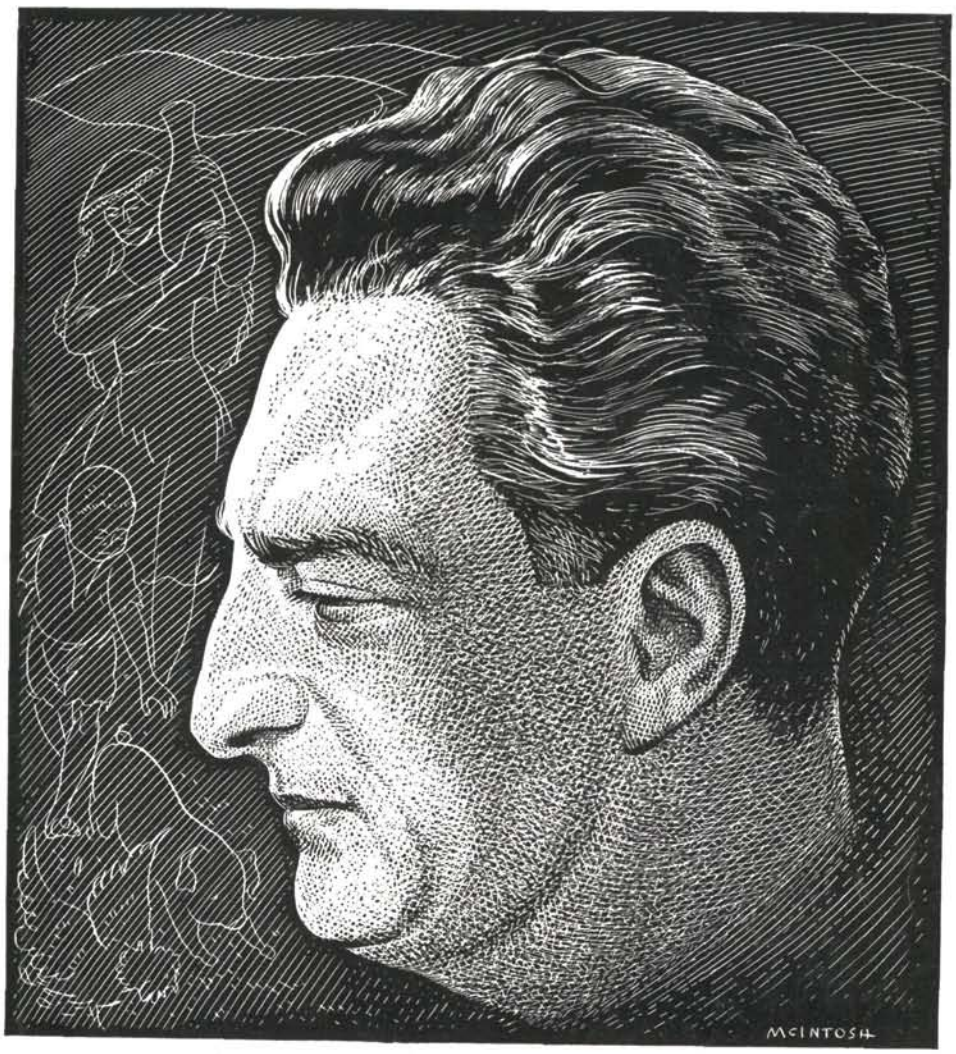
VOL. XXX No. 16 APRIL 19, 1947 FIFTEEN CENTS



Carlo Levi, author of "Christ Stopped at Eboli." (See page 12)

Europe's Battered Muse

By LEO LANIA

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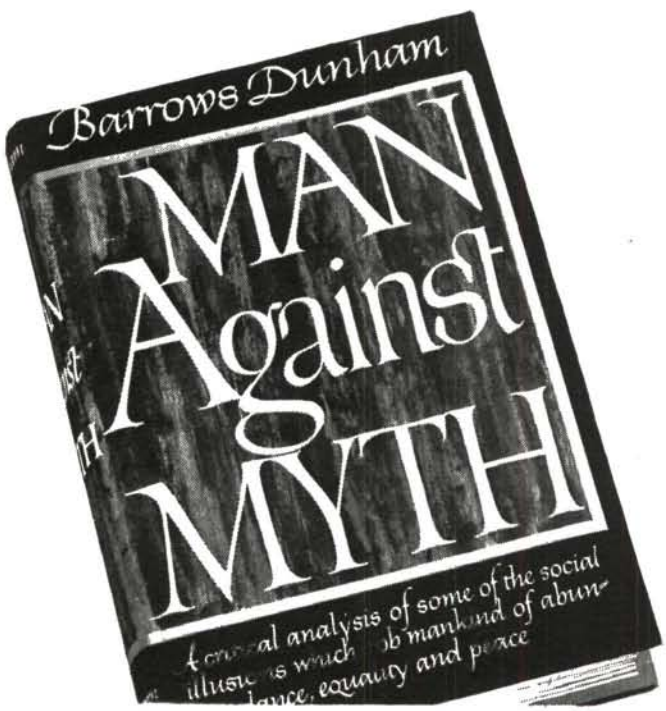

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April 19, 1947

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TRADE Winds

THE SUBJECT MATTER of that song about the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe played almost as big a part in boosting it to the top of the Hit Parade as the catchy melody itself. The Santa Fe commands more respect and affection from its customers than any other railroad in the country. This is due in part to the glamorous history of the route it traverses, but it stems also from a record of consistently good service and the conspicuous loyalty of its personnel. You may have heard of the passenger who asked a porter, "Are we on time?" The porter reminded her reproachfully, "Lady, this is the *Chief*!"

An oddity of the road is that in financial circles it is known as the "Atchison," but to people who ride it, it has never been anything but the "Santa Fe." As a matter of fact, back in 1869, a year after it began operating, it was renamed the "National Pacific," but that lasted only five weeks. The corporation simply didn't have the money to paint over the name on the rolling stock or print new stationery. Passengers were scarce and tight-fisted. One pioneer, asked for his ticket, brandished a revolver, and grunted, "This here is my pass." The conductor calmly went up to the baggage coach, borrowed a Winchester, stuck it in the passenger's ribs, and pointed out, "Your pass has expired!" The passenger paid. . . . Today Santa Fe common is one of the soundest investments in Wall Street; its six-dollar-a-year dividend provides an unusual return, and, what's more, is generally earned with plenty to spare—as in the troubled year of 1946, when many other roads were floundering deep in red ink. . . .

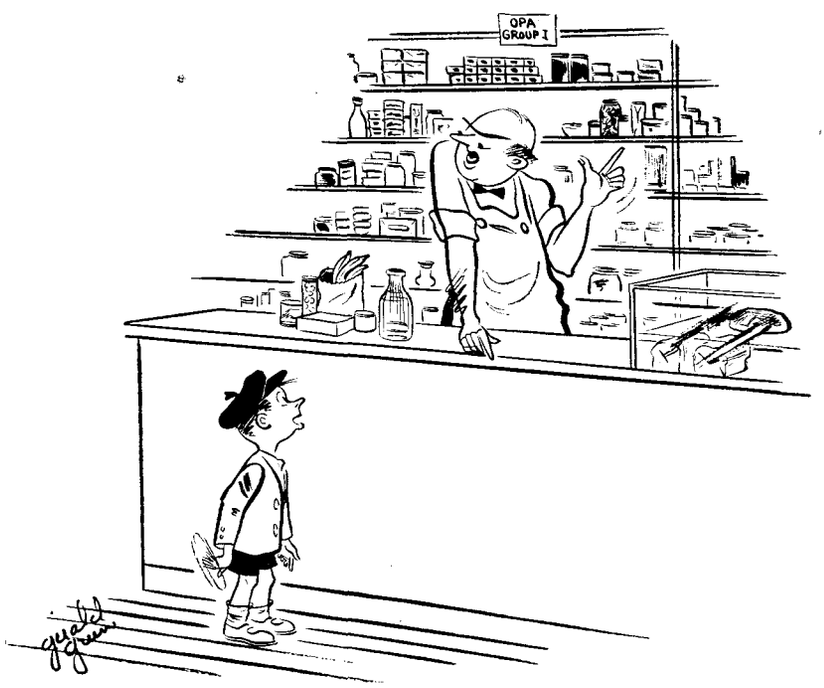
THE HARVEY SYSTEM, which operates the Santa Fe dining cars and hostels and bookstands along the way, has a romantic history of its own. Frank Clough, Harold Belt, and Byron Harvey, grandson of the founder, presented this rich background material to Hollywood on a silver platter. It was wasted, however, and all that the resultant picture accomplished was to introduce the song hit referred to above, make a lot of people think that all Harvey girls look like Judy Garland—and, I guess, make a couple of million dollars. . . . The Harvey dining car steward aboard our train from Chicago to Oklahoma City informed us that our lunch was "with the compliments of Harold Belt." The lady opposite, impressed, asked eagerly, "Will you tell me what you do?" "Publish books," I answered. "For goodness sakes," she said, obviously disappointed, "do you mean to say they give lunches for *that*?" . . .

THE BUSTLING STATE of Oklahoma has provided a happy hunting ground for oil prospectors, wheat farmers, cattle men, and the directors of the Theatre Guild. Text books omit the most colorful details of its turbulent early history; it will remain for someone like Stanley Vestal, sage of the University of Oklahoma, to tell the real story. Many of the leading families today are descended from the "Boomers" who staked out claims in the first official "run" to the territory in 1889—or the "Sooners," who beat the gun and had already moved in when settlement was legalized. If "Ole" Johnson, with whom I had a pleasant drink and discussion of literature, wasn't one of the boys who swiped the state seal in 1907 and moved the capital from Guthrie to Oklahoma City, he certainly was there or thereabouts. . . .

OKLAHOMA'S CONTRIBUTION to the literary firmament includes Paul Wellman, Marquis James, George Millburn, B. A. Botkin, Dorothy Disney, Lynn Riggs, and Don Blanding. The two Oklahomans who are honored with statues in the Capitol at Washington both had Indian blood. One was Sequoyah, who made his whole Cherokee tribe literate. The other was Will Rogers, who made his whole country laugh. The spacious state capital is the only one in the world where the lawns are decorated with oil wells. Some of them are still producing. It is also minus a dome. Ample funds have been voted several times for its construction, but they always disappear before the contracts are parceled out. One local bookseller figures that that non-existent dome has made almost as many men rich as the natural gas and zinc ore.

THE POPULATION of Oklahoma City was recently swelled by the arrival of Frances Merriam, former publicity head of Random House, and her husband, Joe, who was a power in the Macy book department before he enlisted in the Navy. He is now an official of Kerr's, one of Oklahoma City's leading emporiums. The Merriams had worked out a split-second schedule for us, and the few details they overlooked were filled in by Hollis Russell, of the Book Center, and several old schoolmates of my wife, Phyllis. Phyllis comes from Oklahoma City, and was received back to the fold with fanfare usually reserved for the author of a "Forever Amber." She even addressed the student body of her old high school. "What did you talk about?" her mother and I asked. "I gave them advice," she said. "Advice about what?" I persisted. "Oh," she answered airily, "just advice!" . . .

As near as I could figure it, Oklahoma City's cultural and social life is dominated by Mary Johnson, of the First National Bank Johnsons,



"How do you want your peanut butter? Homogenized, immobilized, hydrogenized, stabilized, dextrinized, or thyaminized?"

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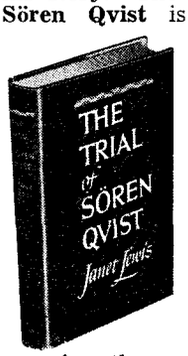
"From where I sit"

THREE HUNDRED years ago last year in drafty Denmark a man turned up like a bad dream, a rotten piece of evidence. Medieval minds turned back to something that had happened twenty-one years before, and trembled.

An innocent man had been executed. In human annals there is no sort of miscarriage of justice to compare with such an act. It was the keynote of Nazi insanity, and of the Inquisition. And of **The Trial of Sören Qvist** by JANET LEWIS.

Here again I have to plead against the recitation of plots as I did in a previous column. A plot is simply a way of making life easy for readers and for the author while he's writing his story. The plot of **The Trial of Sören Qvist** is simple enough. A Danish parson in the parish of Vejlby, a magnificent man, has only one sin—a terrible temper. This he unfortunately unleashes one time against the brother of his daughter's suitor. The suitor, rejected by the parson, sets a trap of revenge, accusing the parson of having murdered the brother. A trial ensues. The evidence in the trial is so convincing that the parson is forced to testify against himself, and is executed after his conviction.

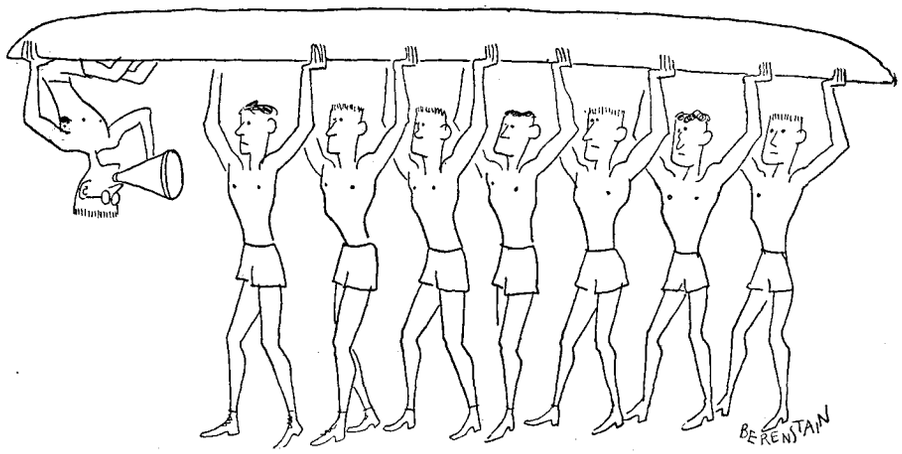


That's the plot, based partly on fact, partly on the even more convincing fact of Danish legend. That is **The Trial of Sören Qvist.** But on another and more important level, the trial is one of the brave pastor against his own God. The wonderful thing about him is that he cannot reconcile injustice on earth with compensation for it in the life hereafter. It's a simple notion, one of horse sense, and that's the powerful thing about it. About this the author is able to write simply and without artificial adornment, because it carries its own weight.

Want to read it?

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary



and Mrs. Ole Johnson (no relation)—and what jolly people they are! The local "Cholly Knickerbocker" is Irene Bowers Sells, and nobody gets as much as a nod until she gives them her seal of approval. The state is still plagued by prohibition, so afternoon gatherings are designated as "hors d'oeuvres parties." I never knew before how intoxicating a stuffed egg or a skinned sardine could be! The two loveliest sights in town are the view from the sky-high Rainbow Room, and Miss Edith Gaylord, whose pappy owns both the *Morning Oklahoman* and the *Evening Times*. . . .

IN NORMAN, eighteen miles south of Oklahoma City, Savoie Lottinville and his assistant, Mary Stith, have made the University of Oklahoma Press one of the outstanding successes in its field. Stanley Vestal (whose real name is Walter S. Campbell) and Foster Harris have uncovered many promising young writers in their School of Constructive Writing. And the books are printed under the loving care of Will Ransom, art editor, whom I found glowing with health and delighted with his assignment. The press was a pet project of Joe Brandt, once president of the university and now head of Henry Holt and Co. . . .

THE BIGGEST EVENT in Oklahoma's recent history was the local unveiling of the musical comedy smash that bears its name. It played eight performances in the 6,000-seat Municipal Auditorium, and of the 48,000 natives who succeeded in snagging tickets it is estimated that at least one-twentieth actually heard the words being spoken on the vast stage. Another 48,000 tried to get in, but their checks had to be returned. Governor Kerr had assembled a parade featuring over fifty bands, thirty-five floats, 2,000 horses, and a vast array of stagecoaches, chuck wagons, and prairie schooners, but alas, when the big day dawned (November 25, 1946) a combination hail and windstorm whipped through the streets, and the parade was canceled. Ray Parr described the welcoming committee as a "worry with a fringe of icicles on top." "What really broke our hearts," said Governor Kerr, "was the fact that the weather had been perfect for five weeks before—and it was perfect again for five weeks thereafter. Just that one day was terrible!"

The visiting dignitaries were soothed with potent "hors d'oeuvres," and initiation into the tribe of Kiowa Indians. Lawrence Langner was named "Some-Kei-Tigh-Keah" ("Master of Entertainment"), and obliged with the most blood-curdling war-whoop since the initiation of the 1943 hog-calling champion. His wife, Armina, who actually was born in the Cherokee Strip, was dubbed "Pah-Gah-Kee-Ah-Mah" ("Daughter of the Prairie"). Dick Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein, and Lynn Riggs received elaborate tom-toms, which they dutifully sounded over a coast-to-coast hookup. Agnes de Mille was so excited that she left her ceremonial robe in a hotel room, but they drove her back in a fire engine to retrieve it. Oklahoma won't forget the week's parties and festivities for a long time to come! . . .

HOLLIS RUSSELL'S Book Center and Stevenson's on Main Street are the two most important book stores in town. Stevenson's is ably run by Francis Vater and his lovely daughter Vivian. There also are thriving departments at the John A. Brown Co. and Halliburton's. . . .

WHEN WE WERE SAYING our farewells at the station, Frances, the fun-loving Merriam, remarked, "Now your next job will be to keep Phyllis out of that famous Dallas specialty shop during store hours. I'm sure you can do it." How wrong she was will be disclosed in the next instalment of this travel diary (if you are still with me!), entitled "The Rover Boys in Texas, or with Wife and Checkbook through Neiman-Marcus." BENNETT CERF.

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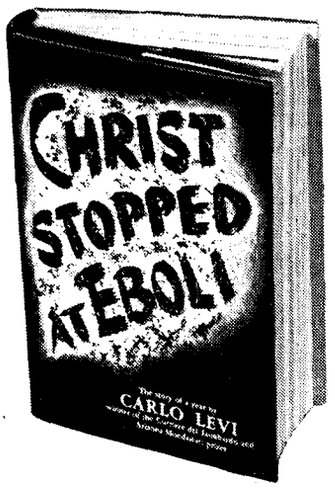

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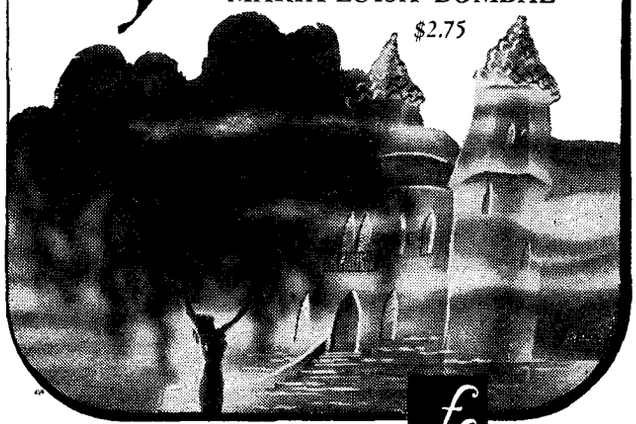

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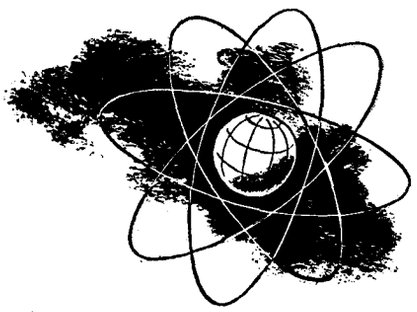

It's time, gentlemen, time...

IN THE time of our childhood we thought in childish terms, simple, clear, basic: time to eat, time to sleep, time to put the toys away. We ticked it off by seasons, and the seasons returned in order without fail: sap of the maple trees and the unexpected rain, shrill crickets' song, musk of the goldenrod and the real loneliness, brook water moving under thin ice.

In the time of our youth we absorbed our share of the accumulated wisdom concerning time, much of it in phrases so time-worn that they had long lost their edge. Time was the great healer; it was to be seized by the forelock; it was ripe or out of joint or fleeting; time was what procrastination was the thief of. We learned " 'The time has come,' the Walrus said" and "Now is the time for all good men." When some of our friends were burning with a pure gemlike flame and mumbling "O world! O life! O time!" we kept on reading Keats. We also learned "When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced" and "Go, lovely rose."

We even tried our hand at little poems of our own. A few of them were packed with hard, over-cerebralized geometric images. They grew out of us and out of our world: the atom yet to be split, the white of the cherry bloom, the second world war to be prevented; and there was even one about love and the baffling human heart. The last one was probably the best of the lot.

We had become pretty complicated in our thinking about time, and the people we read were even more complicated. We read one who was wholly preoccupied with lost time recaptured; another who saw time as the fourth dimension against a Dublin backdrop; a third who had much to say about it and the river. There was also one who said that it was a great mistake space-time had ever been split and that we would lose our sanity if we continued to think of them separately. None of them stopped the holocaust.

But there were lighter moments too. Some of those we like best to remember go back to our pub-crawling days when we were seeking *veritas* in wine, and we were saying to each other what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina. At the end of the evening there was always the refrain, quietly tolling, simple, clear, basic: "Time, gentlemen, time . . ." It signalled the closing hour, the end of a day, but it took on many other meanings as well. It came to mean, among other things, pipe down on the barber-shop harmony, break off the political argument, quit the monkeyshines, lay aside the day that is done and get ready for a different tomorrow. It also meant put the games away (darts and shove-ha'penny, by then) and forget about how to beat your pal at dice or poker—or at any of the other high-powered games that men and nations play. Although we were not always grateful, it was the voice of local law and order protecting us against the seed of destruction within ourselves, insuring that the next day would not be total anarchy—moral, intellectual, spiritual. Physical too, for that matter.

Then there was the time of waiting and eventually the war. It was already much later than most people thought, but never too late to kick the big words, the glib phrases, the lies, the half truths around. Our notions became very confused: there seemed to be so little time, and yet the hours dragged heavily by while life went on in terms of seconds, many of them split. The seasons became scrambled and uncertain too, no longer the regular measurable span, no longer the orderly return:—

Winter: "They are having heavy snows in the Spanish mountains," one said. (*It proved too much for him.*)

Autumn: "Good hunting!" said another. (North Africa the backdrop, and the newspapers patting him on the back for his consummate skill in making with the words.)

Spring: "We can call it as good as finished in the ETO." (Really?)

Summer: "The heavy monsoons are about to let up in Burma." (Far to the northeast rose a curious cloud, much bigger than a man's hand.)

The war is ended, but the malady and the same old barbershop song (second verse) linger on. We have now the prospect of playthings that make the atomic bomb look like a toy balloon, like a kid-sized shove-ha'penny game; the stage is considerably larger than the pub's back room; and the stake is not two bucks. To be simple, clear, basic—and leave us not kid ourselves—it's *time, gentlemen, time* . . .

Appeal to the Nations
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Europe's Battered Muse

LEO LANIA

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Leo Lania, author of "Darkest Hour" and "Today We Are Brothers," has just returned from Europe where he was roving correspondent for* SRL.

France

THE "kiosks" of Paris are almost buried under mountains of newspapers and magazines—nobody can keep track of the many new weeklies which have made their appearance during the last year. The number of book publishers in Paris alone has risen to one thousand (!). There is a shortage of paper and newsprint. All dailies are limited to four pages, all publishers complain about difficulties—lack of manpower, the rising production costs, the coal shortage which is responsible for the closing of most printing shops two days a week in order to save electricity—yet books, literary magazines, and art reviews keep rolling off the presses in steadily growing numbers. This is one of the many paradoxes France presents today.

No doubt, the hunger for literature is genuine. France is probably reading today more than at any other time in her past. But the quantity of this literary output is more impressive than its quality. In fact, one is startled by the spiritual emptiness of the present literature; not a single new author of really great promise has appeared so far, no literary or artistic movement of importance is discernible.

Existentialism? Born not quite two years ago, it is already *passé*, a fashion of yesterday. A few plays by Jean-Paul Sartre and a few novels, or rather novelettes, by Camus are all that has remained from this so heralded new "spiritual revolution." Both Sartre and Camus are gifted writers with or without existentialism, but without this new label and the publicity which was built around it, their books and plays would probably never have attained more than average attraction.

Besides "Huis Clos," the play produced on Broadway under the title of "No Exit," two other plays of Sartre have now a successful run on the Paris stage. "Les Morts sans Sépulture" ("The Graveless Dead") dramatizes the suffering, doubt, and heroism of half a dozen Resistance fighters awaiting their executions. Like his other play it is rather crude, effective in a Grand Guignol fashion. No attempt is made to illuminate the underlying problems or causes of the anti-Nazi struggle; the dramatic conflict—how a strong believer in his ideals can overcome the fear of torture and physical pain—could be applied to a hero of Nazism as well as anti-Nazism, of communism or fascism in the same effective manner. The dramatist Armand Salacrou, in his "Nuits de la Colère" ("Nights of Anger"), has treated the struggle of the French underground in a far more interesting way and with deeper understanding, showing how, in times like ours, nobody can remain neutral without losing his spiritual integrity and even his human decency. Another drama by Sartre, "La Putain Réspecteuse" ("The Respectable Whore"), deals with the Negro problem in America. It is childish and unintentionally comic. The local color is exclusively supplied by a vacuum cleaner. In one of his reviews about a play produced by Meierhold in the early days of the Russian Revolution, Ilya Ehrenburg explained its success by declaring that all Moscow rushed to this theatre because Meierhold showed a working elevator on his stage while no other elevators were running in the city. I conceived the impression that the noisy electric vacuum cleaner held the Paris audience spellbound for similar reasons.

THE plot concerns a girl of ill repute and one of her clients, a young man of high society. A cousin of this boy encounters two Negroes on a train and, enraged about their presence among white people, kills one while the other Negro escapes. To have the

—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

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cousin freed of a murder charge, the girl is forced by blackmail and threats of all kinds to accuse the Negroes of having violated her, so that the unprovoked murder should appear as an act of defense in behalf of a virtuous white woman. The prostitute does not want to sign a false statement, but the uncle of her client, a Senator, then intervenes and convinces her that she must do it "for America's sake." The Senator, the girl, the policeman, and the Negroes have not the slightest resemblance to American characters. Only the vacuum cleaner seems to be genuine.

Most novels of the younger generation deal with the "Résistance," the French underground, the fight against the German invaders, and the liberation. Most of these books show communistic, or, at least, strong left-wing sympathies. George Slocombe gives the reason for this tendency in his review of one of the better written of these novels, "Comme Si la Lutte Entière" ("As If the Whole Struggle"), by the young Jean Kanapa, in the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune:*

> One may not approve of communism, one may deplore the Communists' political tactics, one may hunger desperately for a return to the humanitarian liberalism . . . but one cannot be blind to the fact, unchallenged and unchallengeable by all the other parties in the Resistance, that the Communists, the "parti des fusillés," were by far the most disciplined, the most realistic, and the most victimized of the resisters. The facts are there, cold and brutal. Once they are realized, it is easier to understand the strength of the Communists.

Incidentally, two of the most prominent and gifted exponents of the Left have become strangely silent. André Malraux has completely broken with the Communists. After his very distinguished military career under De Gaulle he was Minister of Information for a short while. He has not published any new book during the last few years; only a collection of old writings. In a few weeks a new work of his will be published, "Psychologie de l'Art," a psychological and rather difficult study of the problems of ancient and modern painters and sculptors. Aragon, the poet laureate of the Communist Party, has lately been the object of very sharp attacks in the communist press; he seems to have become guilty of not having followed the party line closely enough. His next book, to be published in the begining of January, is "Chroniques de Bel Canto." The subject should prove to be so non-controversial as to save Aragon any further trouble with the party. But one can never tell.

The growing interest in foreign literature, especially English and American, is very encouraging. Translations, not too well liked by the average reader before the war, have now their established and very important place on the lists of the French publishers. The two most successful foreign writers are Arthur Koestler and —Henry Miller.

Koestler's play was a flop, but his novels and essays are very widely read and discussed in every literary "salon."

Henry Miller, heralded by his friends as a greater writer than Lawrence and Joyce, has become very popular since his English-written books have become available in French translations too. For ten years "Tropic of Cancer" and "Tropic of Capricorn" have been eagerly bought by American and British tourists in search of "forbidden literature." Now the Cartel d'Action Morale et Sociale has filed a complaint against the publisher who brought out the French translation. The courts will have to deal with the case of Henry Miller and, in the meantime, his books sell quicker than they can be reprinted. In the controversy raging in the press which tries to determine whether Miller's novels have any literary value, or are merely obscene pornography, the weekly *Une Semaine* has aptly quoted Voltaire: "The secret of boredom is to tell everything." I for one must confess that I was not able to finish his "Tropic of Cancer."

The case of Jean Cocteau attracted far less public attention. It started with the latest movie Cocteau wrote and directed, "La Belle et la Bête" ("Beauty and the Beast"), which is the old fairytale about the girl whose kindness and good-heartedness transforms an ugly beast into a charming prince. The film has a few beautiful pictures, but as a whole it is one of the most boring films I have seen in many years, without real naïveté and poetry. Certainly nothing to get excited about. But Cocteau received the "Prix Dellue"—the most important film prize—for his work, and that started the fireworks. After the jury announced its verdict the opposition demonstrated loudly, and one of Cocteau's friends and supporters, the journalist Henry Jeanson, was knocked out by a champion of the anti-Cocteau team. Nobody was actually hurt; Jeanson returned to his desk in the *Canard Enchainé* where he is leading a furious fight against the closing of the Parisian brothels; and Jean Cocteau declared the boxing incident "an episode in the great struggle that has started—the struggle between the plural and the singular."

The whole episode seems to be a reminder that the old French saying is still valid: "Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose." Such excitement and hullabaloo and also the statement by Cocteau—all this could have happened in 1939, too.

—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"Echo of a Scream," by Segueiros.

Czechoslovakia

"OUR writers have no time to write—they hold offices!" With these words a young Czech literary critic answered my question about the literary output since the liberation. I inquired as to what the better-known authors had published recently and, in every single case, the answer was: "Nothing."

Frantisek Langer, the famous author of "Periphery," and since Capek's death the most prominent of the Czech playwrights, distinguished himself greatly during the war. In his London exile, he wrote a novel about the barbaric destruction of Lidice. Returned to Prague, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the work of the political and economic reconstruction of his country. And so did all the others. Ivan Olbracht, the author of "Anna," a novel which, written twenty years ago, is still regarded as an outstanding example of "proletarian literature," heads the Czech radio and is an important official in the Ministry of Information. Almost every writer of renown is at the head of a department in one or the other ministry.

The literary scene is dominated by reporters and journalists. Books about concentration camp horrors and the struggle of the underground exist in abundance. Their value lies not so much in their style, spiritual insight, or artistic achievement as in their authenticity; they must be regarded as historic documents rather than

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literary works. With one exception: Julius Fucik's "Report from under the Gallows." This young journalist had already made a name for himself before the war. As a Communist he took a very active part in the underground movement; he was caught by the Gestapo and imprisoned. In the notorious Pancrac prison, he wrote his story on little pieces of scrap paper which he succeeded in smuggling out of his cell. His report describes his Golgotha, his mental and physical tortures, until the last moments before his death on the gallows. The factual report grows into a very moving and beautifully written "document humain." Czech literature lost a very promising author in Fucik.

Strangely enough, the Czechs have never produced a really great novel. Their poetry is outstanding, not at all inferior to the best that the French, Russians, or Germans have produced, but all their novels have a certain provincialism. All the more surprising was the blossoming of Prague literature from 1910 to 1930. This literature is immortalized by the names of Rilke, Werfel, Kafka, and a dozen other minor, but still excellent, novelists. Yet those authors wrote in German and the great majority of them were Jews. That German-Jewish-Czech literature is dead. Most of these authors have died, but even those who have survived have either emigrated into foreign lands, or are emigrants in their own country. Prague is a Czech city now, the milieu, the atmosphere, the *Prager Tagblatt,* the coffee houses, and bourgeois homes where Kafka lived and about which Werfel and Brod, Kisch and Weiskopf wrote are gone. There are no longer German newspapers published in Prague, no German theatres and no German publishers exist there any more.

HOWEVER, it would be unfair to see in this development merely an outbreak of a new Czech chauvinism. The hatred of anything German—understandable after all that the people suffered and considering that 91 per cent of the Germans in Czechoslovakia voted for Henlein (Hitler's gauleiter) in the last free democratic elections—this hatred does not prevent the Czech Government from promoting the import of foreign literature and its translation in every possible way despite the financial burden which the publication of foreign authors places on Czech economy. American, English, and French newspapers and magazines are for sale; even German language periodicals and dailies from Vienna and Switzerland are available everywhere.

—*From "Remember," by Frans Masereel.*

Among the foreign novelists, the Americans enjoy the greatest popularity, even to the extent that a communist paper already speaks about a "dark plot" and a "boycott of Russian literature." As left-minded as the Czech masses may be, they prefer, so it seems, Steinbeck and Hemingway, the "Gone-with-the-Wind" Mitchell and Bromfield to any book the Soviet Union has to offer. ("Forever Amber" has not yet been published in Czech.) During the occupation, Bromfield's "When the Rains Came" was one of the most coveted black market commodities; it could be advantageously exchanged for butter and eggs, coffee and cigarettes. Now applications for not less than twelve of his books have been filed. (The Government must give its permission in view of the foreign currency the publisher needs with which to buy the Czech rights.) Applications for eight of Bromfield's books have been granted, and since "Night in Bombay" will be published in a first edition of 40,000 copies at 45 Kcs each, the royalties for Bromfield out of his books will amount—so the communist paper complains—to almost 3,000,000 Kcs which is about $50,000 at the official exchange rate, quite an expense for the poor Czech state. Is this expense justified? The readers seem to think so and the Government does not want to contradict them.

The Americans score in the theatre too. While most theatres run political or contemporary Czech plays, a predominant place in the repertoire is taken by Voskovec and Werich, the outstanding actor-writer team, who, after their return from the U. S., opened their theatre with "The Man Who Came to Dinner." It is the first non-political, non-revolutionary play these two actors have ever produced on the stage. It is an outstanding success, sold out daily for more than five months. The production is excellent; Werich is at his best and both he and Voskovec have, to good advantage, applied the experience gained during their three-year stay in America. The production and the setting give the public a real feeling of American milieu and atmosphere—something very rare on European stages.

AMONG the films shown there, the American movies have a successful run; however, some French and British films, first of all, Eisenstein's "Alexander Nevsky," must be considered far superior to the American films which the Prague moviegoer has a chance to see. It is not Eisenstein's best work, yet in some of its parts, especially with its battle scenes, the casting, the camera work, and Prokofiev's music, this film rises far above the Hollywood level.

A Prague publishing house has been very successful in organizing a book club. The membership of ELK (European Literary Club) has grown in the last two years to more than 40,000, quite an achievement when one considers the Czech population. (About 1/15 of the U. S. Of the 11,000,000 people who remained in Czechoslovakia after the enforced exodus of nearly 3,000,000 Germans, 8,000,000 are Czechs and 3,000,000 are Slovaks.)

One of the editors of ELK, Mr. Jiri Weil, just published a novel which enjoys a great success. It is called "Makanna, the Father of Miracles." This is an historical novel laid in the Middle Asia of the seventh century, the story of a false prophet who has already once appeared between the covers of a literary work. The Irish poet Thomas Moore wrote a poem

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Beyond Civilization

CHRIST STOPPED AT EBOLI. By Carlo Levi. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1947. 268 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE GRANT WHITE

THIS is a well-written account, by a sensitive and cultivated anti-fascist, of a year spent as a political exile at Gagliano, a primitive and remote village in Lucania, which forms the ankle of the Italian peninsula. Here civilization had hardly penetrated. The natives said that "Christ stopped at Eboli," a town in the neighboring province of Campania; and to them, Christ is synonymous with civilization. This explains the obscure meaning of the title.

It was in 1935 that the author, wearing handcuffs, was escorted from the Regina Coeli prison in Rome to Gagliano. With a painter's understanding he describes the stark beauty of the countryside; windswept hills denuded of their once luxuriant forests; white clay pitted with caves in which strange swart people, descendants of some aboriginal Italic race, lived like troglodytes. The intangible characteristics of the locality were hatred, superstition, ignorance, and malaria. There were family feuds dating back to the days of the Bourbons and the Carbonari. The horns of a dragon, slain by a Colonna prince with the timely aid of the local madonna, were venerated in the next village; and the author's housekeeper was a successful witch. The malaria was unchecked by the two incompetent local doctors, who prescribed a harmless white powder sold as quinine by the unlicensed pharmacy.

In such surroundings the author appeared like a visitor from another planet. He had been trained as a physician, and did what he could, without instruments or proper drugs or reference books, to help the sick. They looked upon him as a savior with magical powers, but the provincial government regarded his activities with suspicion, and decreed that he could no longer practise medicine. His patients armed themselves with scythes and wanted to kill the mayor as a gesture of protest.

Local morals were a curious mixture of license and stiff conventionality. Love-making was the principal obsession; the village was swarming with illegitimate children, who were taken as a matter of course. Yet an aged crone could not consult the author professionally unless properly chaperoned; nor could any respectable woman act as his housekeeper. The latter problem was solved in the person of Giulia, the sorceress, whose reputation was already tarnished by the evidence of her sixteen assorted bastards. But even she did not sleep in the house, for she had to live with her current lover, a pink-eyed albino barber.

Levi writes with sympathy and insight about the local "gentry" a word repeatedly used which is probably an unfortunate translation of the Italian word *gente*. As might be expected, they were a queer lot. The queerest was an ancient toothless gravedigger who lay on the cool earth in a newly dug grave to escape the blinding sun. He was also the town crier, and had once been a wolf-tamer, a profession for which sorcery was a necessary qualification—for it was his supernatural powers which enabled him to keep the wolves away from the flocks. Then there was Don Trajella, the sodden and embittered old priest, who consoled himself by writing Latin epigrams against the authorities; the smug mayor, and his powerful sister Donna Caterina, who really ruled the village; and the lieutenant in charge of the local militia, whose ambition was to escape from his own despair and the decay and spiritual poverty around him. The author was deeply influenced by the strange people of Gagliano—so much so that when he returned home to Turin on a short leave of absence he found himself ill at ease amongst his normal surroundings; and when his exile was unexpectedly terminated by the political amnesty at the end of the Abyssinian War, he sought excuses to postpone his departure.

The book is neither a novel nor a diary, but an accurate description of a curious community life. It is also, indirectly, a plea for badly needed political, economic, and social reforms in the hinterland of Southern Italy. His solutions are a more representative form of government, reforestation, more livestock, and the suppression of the middle-class village tyrants.

Mr. Levi has succeeded admirably, with the help of a pleasing literary style, in communicating his own interest. He is said to be a talented painter. If so, a few illustrations of his impressions of Gagliano and its inhabitants would have enhanced the volume. Hailed by Italian critics as one of their most promising contemporary writers, he has proved his competence by making a readable and interesting book out of grim and forbidding material.

Lawrence Grant White is senior partner with the New York architectural firm of McKim, Mead, and White. His works include the Hotel National, Havana, Cuba, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, Newark, N. J.

The White Cat

By Lloyd Frankenberg

SHE doesn't know where to go nor where she is,
adrift in the twigs without a foothold
like early snow in the late leaves.
Her eyes are big with glittering apprehensions.
Every direction is upstream
to her timid navigating.
All her missteps are hastily retractions.
While her companion goes his ways
she shinnies up the maple bark
and sinks her claws into a yard of safety.

What is it that she fears? the lynxeared leaves?
the guilty creaking underfoot
that gives her footpad heart away?
domains too blue, too boundless to be filled
by her familiar round of smells;
staring down her blue disdain?
The dog lifts up his nose and looks at her.

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A Miniature of Roosevelt

F.D.R. COLUMNIST. The Uncollected Columns of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Edited by Donald Scott Carmichael. Chicago: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 1947. 180 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST K. LINDLEY

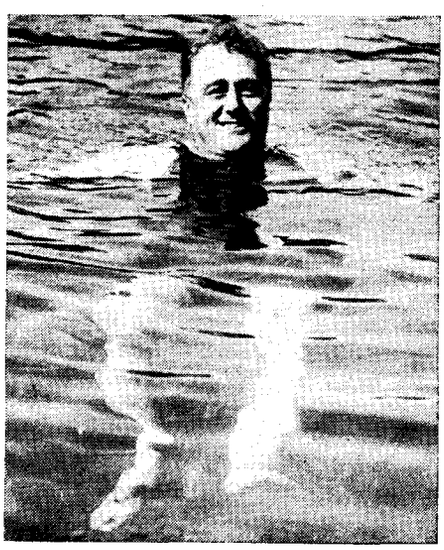
TWICE in his career Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote a series of newspaper columns. In the spring of 1925, while at Warm Springs, Georgia, he wrote nine for the *Macon Daily Telegraph*, as a substitute for Tom Loyless, a personal friend. In the summer of 1928 he wrote ten for the *Standard*, of Beacon, N. Y., a Democratic weekly published in his home county.

In this volume, these writings are republished as a whole for the first time. They are placed in settings painstakingly but charmingly reconstructed by Donald Scott Carmichael, the first president of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Collectors Association. Mr. Carmichael has gleaned from the files at Hyde Park and from the correspondence and recollections of contemporaries probably just about all the facts that are available about Mr. Roosevelt's ventures as an amateur columnist, which he uses not only for thirty pages of interesting marginalia, but in warm portraits, touched with new detail, of Mr. Roosevelt's relations to his neighbors in Dutchess County and Warm Springs.

Mr. Carmichael evaluates his book objectively:

> It adds no world-shaking conclusions for the historians of Mr. Roosevelt's role in the era which bears his name. In the panorama of recent American history which the figure of Mr. Roosevelt dominates, this little collection is only a detail, a focus upon a few slight lines in the background. But it has seemed worth the trouble of unearthing and preserving precisely because of that —precisely because it presents a miniature of the late President in the years when he was recovering from infantile paralysis and again beginning to articulate his political ideas.

In the foreword Mrs. Roosevelt testifies that in rereading these columns she "was struck by the fact that my husband's interests had remained through the years attached to many of the same things, no matter how many new things were added." Perhaps half of the columns—or, with slight changes, even more—might have been written several years earlier or ten or fifteen later. They are on such "pet subjects" — the common phrase Mr. Roosevelt himself habitually used — as reforestation, public development of water power, the improvement of agriculture, higher salaries for public servants, reforms in the civil service, and inefficiency in government. The designation of the last of these as a "pet" of Mr. Roosevelt may be surprising to many observers of his years in the Presidency. His thoughts on this subject were in several respects superior to his performances. However, until his death, he clung to the belief, which grew out of his experience as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, that the Federal Government could both save money and increase its efficiency by raising its top salary levels and by giving administrators more leeway in weeding out and promoting civil servants. Why he did not do more about this as President is a perplexing question. He drew into public service many young people of talent—not only the brain-trusters and the young lawyers from Harvard and Yale, but thousands of others from all parts of the country, many of whom set out to make public service a career. During his Administration the Civil Service was expanded, several career men were promoted to sub-cabinet rank, and salary levels were lifted somewhat. But, although he frequently reverted to the theme, he made little headway toward converting the Civil Service from a static, and rather stultifying, defense against spoils into a system for fostering initiative and efficiency among Government employees. During his last year in Washington, Mrs. Roosevelt reminds us, he once again ordered a fresh survey of ways to infuse "new blood into the Civil Service and eliminate people who would be eliminated in ordinary business life."



—*Acme.*

At Warm Springs, Georgia — F.D.R.: convalescent and journalist.

In so far as these columns have a common theme or premise it is that the Democratic Party should be a national progressive party. In 1925, after the Coolidge landslide, Mr. Roosevelt feared that his party was lapsing into aimless sectionalism. He made an unsuccessful effort to organize a national conference of Democratic leaders. His columns in 1928 were written in support of the Presidential candidacy of Al Smith. Here again he tried to soften the issues, such as prohibition, which he regarded as special or transient, and emphasized those which he thought better suited to unite the traditional democracy of the South with the Democrats of the Northern cities and the farmers and miscellaneous progressives of the West. His tone was conciliatory. His concept of the role of the Democratic party was clear. It had not changed four years later.

In 1925 and 1928, Mr. Roosevelt had some things to say about the predominantly Republican control of the American press, outside the South. He regarded this circumstance as a serious obstacle to the success of the Democratic party. He managed to surmount it in four Presidential elections. But he was never very happy about the American press. In the Presidency, his comment upon newspaper publishers, editorial writers, and columnists became increasingly caustic. In time, his dislike seemed to embrace even the general run of newspaper reporters. Nevertheless, he liked to display to newspapermen his knowledge of the terms and techniques of their craft and always seemed to be proud of the fact that he had been editor of the *Harvard Crimson*. He often talked about starting a weekly newspaper when he left the Presidency.

Mr. Roosevelt said on several occasions and wrote at least once, however, that his own experience had proved to him that no one could write a good column every day or even once a week. Several in his series for the *Beacon Standard* are stodgy and cloudy. I should say, though, that most of the three a week he wrote for the *Macon Telegraph* are good examples of the columnist's art. They are simple and clear, with a touch of Roosevelt banter here and there. Mr. Carmichael has filled, revealingly and thoroughly, some gaps in the late President's biography.

Ernest K. Lindley, chief of the Washington Bureau of Newsweek, *has been political commentator for the* Washington Post *and the Des Moines Register and Tribune Syndicate since* 1938. *He has also broadcasted for the Blue Network, NBC, and BBC, and is author of several books on F.D.R.*

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Ambling Through Municipalities

CITIES OF AMERICA. By George Sessions Perry. New York: Whittlesey House. 1947. 287 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

THIS is a collection of entertaining but often perceptive "visiting-firemen" eye-views of twenty-three American cities, originally published in *The Saturday Evening Post.* They are by a reporter with unusual gifts for ambling through municipal atmospheres and cataloguing their differences—sometimes, one fears, close to the point of becoming "precious." After all, there is such a thing as standardization of American cities' mores and architectural hairdoes, even if Mr. Perry does seem to have registered a solemn oath in Independence Square to look away.

In reverse, too, "Cities of America" shares a similar defect with Col. Robert S. Allen's symposium on current municipal scenery, "Our Fair City." Col. Allen manifestly instructed his contributors to give the high crimes and misdemeanors of city politics the pseudo-Steffens treatment. Mr. Perry appears to have taken editorial instructions, "For God's sake, don't be serious," with almost equal earnestness, which sluices a stream of "kidding patter" through his opus. It might not be cloying in an individual magazine piece, but long before page 287 in this book, it has the reader practically bi-carbing himself against hyper-archness. At their best, cracks such as Los Angeles "is a good place to go native and confuse yourself with a character in fiction," say something and are worth passing on to the neighbors. At their worst, whimsies about Hitler "beginning his tragic monkeyshines" and the mayor of Pittsburgh raising "the temperature of the mayoral chair up to a proper 98.3 degrees Fahrenheit" are the sort one reproduces to let people who like them enjoy them.

On his perceptive side, Mr. Perry does some neat pricking of at least a few suspicious surfaces. His Atlanta chapter goes into the disturbing question of why Georgians—half of the oncoming generations between 1920 and 1940—leave home. In one paragraph we get it: per-capita incomes forty per cent below national averages; twenty-five per cent of Georgian houses without window-panes; ninety-eight per cent of Georgia's farm buildings in 1943 needing replacement or extensive repairs; half of the incorporated towns without water systems. "Georgia, like Italy, has for a long time been a labor market . . . one of its biggest crops . . . babies."

But, after making a few such preliminary incisions, surgically speaking Dr. Perry relaxes. Georgia's social health is being improved, he intimates, through a "Better Home Towns Program," which is described as a kind of "statewide face-lifting." He introduces a "quickie" revelation of filthy poverty in San Antonio's Mexican section with the cheery observation that "the abundance and cheapness of Mexican labor have . . . made it possible for moderately well-to-do Texans to live comfortably, almost luxuriously, on very little money."

After all, armchair tourists must be swept on to see Portland, Maine's, glamorous retired leading citizens living on off-season rates at the Eastland and Lafayette hotels in winter, getting their "fishcakes for breakfast, a lobster or a chowder when they feel like it." It's a varied and colorful life we urbanites lead, if you're quick enough about turning back those incision flaps.

—*Lillian Kessel.*

George Sessions Perry "sluices a stream of 'kidding patter' through his opus."

Profile of an Enigmatic Czar

ALEXANDER I OF RUSSIA: THE MAN WHO DEFEATED NAPOLEON. By Leonid I. Strakhovsky. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1947. 302 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by D. FEDOTOFF WHITE

CHATEAUBRIAND thought that, after Bonaparte, Alexander I was the greatest historical figure of the Napoleonic era. This comes nearer to the truth than Harold Nicolson's somewhat cheap sniggering in his "The Congress of Vienna." Several first-rate minds tried to plumb the enigmatic Czar's psyche. Even the brilliantly analytical Albert Vandal was baffled. He was unable to penetrate some of the inner recesses of Alexander's personality. The liberal and intelligent Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich wrote a very remarkable biography of his Romanov kinsman. Still the image of the "Agamemnon of the Allied hosts" remains as ambiguous as the well-known smile in the Louvre.

Ascending the throne after his father's murder by aristocratic plotters, Alexander made an earnest attempt to turn Russia into a constitutional state. The determined resistance of reactionaries at home, his own lack of resoluteness, and the wars with Napoleon diverted his attention. Later, the organization of European peace became his first concern.

It is characteristic of this elusive ruler that there is no certainty as to whether he died in 1825 or 1864. Dr. Strakhovsky is a partisan of the hypothesis that a Siberian recluse was actually Alexander, and that the corpse buried with all the usual pomp at the St. Petersburg Fortress was that of a humble official. The strongest argument for the theory that Alexander I was not buried in the fortress mausoleum is that when his tomb was opened it was found to be empty. Almost as strong grounds against the acceptance of the Siberian recluse hypothesis is that Nicholas Mikhailovich has thoroughly investigated and rejected it. The grand duke was not a man who would deliberately make a misleading statement.

Dr. Strakhovsky's volume is not an attempt at a full-size portrait. It is rather what has come to be known as a profile. The book makes good reading and tells about some of the most interesting and characteristic features of the Emperor's life. The introductory chapter is weak in its characterization of Paul's foreign policy and of the roots of the conflict which led to his assassination. There are a few surprising judgments: "The nations which did the least, however, obtained the most. They were England and Austria." That a well-trained historian could thus fail to comprehend England's role in the Napoleonic wars is nothing short of staggering.

But the book is well worth reading, not merely as history, but as a fascinating mystery story as well.

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The American Mediterranean

1. Life in the Raw

ANGRY MEN-LAUGHING MEN: The Caribbean Cauldron. By Wenzell Brown. New York: Greenberg. 1947. 369 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

THIS is a warm picture of the stirring peoples of the Caribbean. Except for Cuba and the Dominican Republic, the Caribbean is one of the most densely inhabited areas on earth, and Mr. Brown's book is packed and buzzing with people. His rich, impressionistic story ranges from the Prado in Havana to the barbed wire around the Standard Oil refinery in Arauba—a big travel arc, hop-skip over the islands that fling a great arm around the inland barracuda sea that washes on southwest to Panama and the Canal Zone.

This readable book is both superficial and profound. It is superficial in that it deals chiefly with up-to-the-minute items, with only sketchy background. For a broader canvas (though with a different point of view) supplement the present account with "The Caribbean," a glowing record of the adventurous history of the same area, by W. Adolphe Roberts, the former Jamaican, who was the founder and father of modern democracy in the British colony. Mr. Brown's book is also superficial in that it makes no attempt to give a rounded picture, but chiefly follows the immediate findings of his own nose.

But these limitations, which the author has imposed upon himself, give this apparently casual book its peculiar vitality and deep insight. Mr. Brown does not dally on the terraces of the National Hotel; he heads straight for the market place, the sweltering slums, the Red Light quarters, Chinatown, the wholesale markets, the wharves and fishing boats—straight for life in the raw, the real life of the people. This is no Sloppy Joe tourist, push-button job.

The author, though he had the advantage of two years as a teacher in Puerto Rico (and a most challenging book on that country to his credit) set out on a conventional six weeks' hit-and-run tour. By the time he reached Jamaica he was digging in—three months instead of a scheduled ten days. In all he was gone nearly a year, and so broke he had to work his way home on a tanker. His book also digs in, taking on more dimension in places where he tarried longer.

When Mr. Brown is not hanging around Calypso music tents or stealing tamarinds with idle urchins or poking his nose into voodoo and obeah—always with fresh news and original interpretations—he is spotlighting Soviet and communist propaganda patterns, the tactic of Communists being these days to forge alliances with dictators or fascist and conservative elements in order to fight down popular movements.

The core of his book, on the more serious side, is his account of the Trujillo murder dictatorship in the Dominican Republic, from which country Mr. Brown was lucky to escape with his life. This deep cancer right in the American Mediterranean reaches its rotten fibers into adjacent islands and countries. High-ups in Washington have been corrupted by it. Unsolved murders have been chalked up on American soil.

Here too is the shocking story of SHADA, the United States rubber enterprise in Haiti, which left a trail of ruin and disaster and eventual revolution in that island, saddled Haiti with eroded acres, broken homes, and a heavy debt—and not one little squeaking pound of rubber for all the millions spent.

There is a wealth of all sorts of material in this volume. The morsels that Brown fishes out of the stew in his Caribbean cauldron, be they music, art, dances, crime, or politics, are all spicy, if not always savory. Here is the story of the fantastic labor demagogue Bustamante who has practically taken over the British Crown colony of Jamaica; here is the real text of Calypso songs about amorous doings of visiting American workers and soldiers, texts not given in the millions of records now being sold and hammered out in American juke boxes; here are stories of the brutalities of the Dutch police toward shore-cavorting American sailors. But best of all are Brown's passing glimpses of just ordinary (but, to our eyes, strange) folk, of colorful alleys and old buildings, of hidden beaches, bright with sun and song.

—From "Dynamite on Our Doorstep."

Carleton Beals, political and sociological writer, lecturer, and contributing editor to Current History, *is author of numerous books and articles on—among other places—Mexico, Italy, Nicaragua, and Cuba. "Pan America," "Further Adventures in Free-Lancing," "The Great Circle," "American Earth," and "The Coming Struggle for Latin America" are some of the titles.*

2. Poor Relation

PUERTO RICAN PARADOX. By Vincenzo Petrullo. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1947. 173 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

BY NOW it should be apparent to most Americans that Puerto Rico is a problem. Recent books and magazine articles have emphasized the plight of our Caribbean colony. Caught in an economic dead end, it is a very poor relation. Chafed by the irritations between Latin heritage and North American tutelage it is a rebellious and resentful one. As the author of this study points out, "Puerto Rico is as close as it can be to open rebellion. . . . The necessity for correcting the situation is probably more acute today than at any time since 1898."

Mr. Petrullo, an anthropologist and student of Latin America, considers this situation with the speculative eye of a scientist. In much of his book he covers what is now familiar ground. But when he moves into a discussion of what should be done about it he brings a sensible and objective tone to a subject that sometimes moves writers to shrillness. First of all, he points out that Americans need not beat their breasts with too much shame. They have done some good in trying to solve what is an almost insuperable problem. They might even be surprised to learn that Puerto Rico has the highest standard of living of any Latin-American country except possibly Argentina. Yet there is much that can still be done. Puerto Rico should be permitted to vote on whether it wishes to remain under the American flag. Independence would probably mean economic collapse—but a people has the right

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to decide itself. Economically the country needs considerable help. It should be promoted as a holiday resort — which would require some spending for improvements. Freight rates to the United States should be reduced so that certain industries can be established. Vocational training should be developed. Most important, emigration should be encouraged by reducing fares. However, when it is considered that currently unscheduled airlines advertise one-way air passage from New York to Puerto Rico for as little as thirty-four dollars it would seem that rock bottom is very near.

Mr. Petrullo also suggests that Americans stop trying to impose English on Puerto Ricans and let them decide for themselves if they want to speak it. On the other hand Puerto Ricans ought to stop orating about their heritage and learn English for their own good. Puerto Rican school teachers, he thinks, ought to be brought to the United States for educational tours and study in an effort to meet the anti-American arguments of many of their countrymen.

As a scientist and thoughtful observer Mr. Petrullo has some acute observations in a chapter on culture conflicts and nationalism in Puerto Rico, observations which can be extended to all Latin America. There is much to be said for either Latin "spirituality" or American "material welfare." Superimposed one on the other they do lead to maladjustment. Intellectuals may grow fiery over the attack on their culture by crass North American materialism but the fact is that "Latin American culture holds no promise and no solution." Puerto Rican slums, unemployment, and poverty need science and technology, not romanticism and higher sensitivity.

Robert Okin has specialized in foreign news during his fifteen years as a newspaperman. For five years he was foreign correspondent in Europe and the Orient for the Associated Press and Time. *He has recently returned from the Philippines via Spain.*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 681)

THEODORE MAYNARD:
EASTER ODE

Shall not these quickening roots, these budding trees,
In their unconscious sanities
Be more than the prefiguring
Of the exultant Spring?
Shall not the wind-blown petals of the May
Be read as sybil's leaves, as prophecies. . . .

Urbane Papers

REFLECTIONS IN A MIRROR: Second Series. By Charles Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 229 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

ONE of the charms and dangers of occasional writing is that one occasion may lead an author into an expression of opinion which, on another occasion, he promptly disputes or denies. For instance, in his eloquent and often brilliant essay "France Is an Idea Necessary to Civilization," Mr. Morgan allows himself some generalizations on the English—"to the English the idea of deliberate pleasure is immediately suspect" is an instance—which he contradicts in his admirable essay on Nelson. In this same paper on France, written in 1941, he will have it that "*ambiance* is a mood without which there would have been no Theocritus, no Sappho, no Catullus, no Michelangelo, no Shakespeare—a mood which we know but are shy of, a mood flatly opposed to the whole German *Weltanschauung,*" I don't quite know what place Michelangelo takes in that company, but surely any lover of German art would be justified in murmuring Goethe, Stefan Georg, and Heine.

The only obstacle to enjoyment of these urbane papers is precisely Mr. Morgan's love for generalizations, especially generalizations about countries, nations. He uses far too loosely that regrettable word Anglo-Saxon, and apparently—I can picture the victims' dismay — places under that frayed banner Bernard Shaw and Augustus John. In effect this building together of all who write English or live in Great Britain is hard on the English people, to whom Mr. Morgan is inclined to ascribe in perpetuity that taciturnity, that "good form," that dread of delight and its expressions which were the fruit of Dr. Arnold's educational discipline. In the essay on Nelson Mr. Morgan has the happy thought of comparing that great man's immense popularity with the popularity of Winston Churchill —another dramatic figure, unafraid of the heroic and the fine phrase. It seems odd that Mr. Morgan, in claiming Mr. Churchill as an English parallel to Nelson, should forget that the great man's mother came from New York. The fact is that "the English" or Britons are a mixed people, as are the Americans; and so generalizations about either people are more than usually futile.

Some of the most delightful essays in this book are on poets and poetry.

—*Harcourt, Paris.*

Charles Morgan: "To the English the idea of deliberate pleasure is immediately suspect."

There is a fine, indignant plea for a greater recognition of Robert Nichols; an essay, full of felicitous comparisons, on a recent poem of Edmund Blunden's; an appraisal, remarkably fresh, of Walter Savage Landor, and a centenary paper on Verlaine, the only serious fault of which is the omission of the influence on Baudelaire and on Verlaine of Edgar Allan Poe. A more controversial paper is "Out of the Wilderness," an attack on "the cult of disintegration" which Mr. Morgan thinks is given too much space in W. B. Yeats's "Oxford Book of Modern Verse."

The essays on religion have a wistful quality which will surprise no reader of "The Fountain." They are the reflections of one who does not apparently have much practical knowledge of the Church of England and its work and less of its historical and ecclesiastical background; but the spirit they show is an eirenic one and cannot but have a good influence on those who share the author's uninformed benevolence, a mood too common in England.

Housecleaning

By Witter Bynner

WE opened an unopened drawer
And found what we had found before,
Neckties with patterns out of date
And other minor toys of fate—
And a sudden portrait of us two
When you were I and I was you.

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Advertising Lightly Lampooned

AURORA DAWN. By Herman Wouk. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1947. 256 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PERCY ATKINSON

MANY a philippic has been aimed at advertising and advertising men in our time. Avowedly "Aurora Dawn" is one of them. But Mr. Wouk's shafts are so tipped with good-natured banter and philosophic discursiveness that it is doubtful whether the advertising industry has ever suffered less vindictive treatment at the hands of any of its youthful and earnest castigators.

For this tale is told through the medium of a gentle and kindly idiom that tolerates but does not condone the conduct of rogues. It reveals the frailties of the weaker sex without holding our fair ones up to scorn and obloquy. It strips romance of glamor, leaving only the lawful rewards and cherished memories of conventional fulfillments. Satire claims its victims, but at the final curtain love conquers all.

So if in "Aurora Dawn" our villains seem not to be quite as clownish or venal as they have hitherto been made to appear; and if their villainies seem not nearly so reprehensible as they have been represented by others, let us not forget that we are seeing their crimes and capers through the laughing and lenient eyes of the same idiom that made Tom Jones a hero, Jonathan Wild a gentlemanly scalawag, and poor Amelia a coy and clinging damsel in distress.

Of course there is a plot. There has to be. The conventions demand it. But the reader is being so continuously amused and entertained by the author's blithe companionship and his engaging chatter that he is hardly aware of the "exposure of the inner workings of the advertising industry" that is going on right under his nose. Considerations of delicacy caution us against revealing any more of the plot than is essential to a fair appraisal of the tale it unfolds. Far be it from us to undermine your morale, break down your resistance, or deplete your substance by making you want something you don't want. That, according to one of the charming characters presented by our author, is the fell province of the advertising man against whose machinations he warns us.

We feel it no breach of confidence and good faith, however, to mention that the hero of "Aurora Dawn" is a nervously active, over-ambitious young radio-time salesman who dips down into the West Virginia coal-mining country and comes up with a hill-billy evangelist whose homely radio sermons create a remarkable sensation. There is also a testy and eccentric sponsor who manufactures a scented, pink-tinted toilet soap which is advertised under the trade-name "Aurora Dawn." There are two harried advertising agency partners continually in hot water with the sponsor over his commercials. A "Powers" model and her daughter, as well as the young and kittenish female offspring of the sponsor himself. A fiery, red-haired painter. A mammon-saddened millionaire, reminded of Adolphe Menjou. There are hansom cabs, smart restaurants, night clubs, penthouses, liquor, moonlight and roses, wet youthful kisses more notable for zest than passion—and there is Radio City.

—Halsman.

"The reader is being continuously amused and entertained by Herman Wouk's blithe companionship and his engaging chatter."

If pretty much all of the foregoing seems vaguely familiar, that is because the author started his story at Tulagi in the Solomons in 1943, wrote the first part at Okinawa in 1945, and finished it all up in Northport, Long Island, about a year ago. He had no means of knowing, when he began "Aurora Dawn," that another writer was considering the same idea, churning the same ingredients around in his mind at approximately the same time on the opposite side of the world. And was to get in first with publication.

In the circumstances it would almost seem as if the "Dawn" might better have "stood in bed" as the saying goes. But no, author Wouk being a Navy man cried, "Damn the tor-

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FATHERS AND SONS

This week's quiz is concerned with some of fiction's famous fathers and sons. Allowing five points for each character you are asked to identify and another five for the author who created him, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 29.

1. Fighting incognito on a battlefield, this warrior mortally wounded his opponent and then found that the latter was his own son.
2. In the post-war depression this ex-army captain took a menial job as a hotel porter in order to provide a decent living for his young son.
3. This pompous banker was pleased when his dying wife gave birth to a son, for he planned to take him into the business, but his plans were upset when the boy died when still a child.
4. This son was the victim of his father's "system" of education which excluded all interests normal to a growing boy.
5. A tyrant commanded this father to demonstrate his skill with the cross-bow by shooting an apple off his son's head at 100 yards.
6. His father's ghost appeared to this son and urged him to avenge his most foul and unnatural murder.
7. Fulfilling the prophecy of an oracle, this son unwittingly killed his father and married his own mother.
8. This father's anxiety that his son have a well-built nose and a good name was ruined when the child's nose was squashed by the doctor's forceps and he was mistakenly christened with the name that the father most despised.
9. When this son, against his father's wishes, married the newly-impoverished girl to whom he had been betrothed since childhood, the father deleted his name from the family Bible.
10. Because his father was the town drunkard, this boy never had to go to school or church and was the envy of every other boy in St. Petersburg, Missouri.

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pedos! Full speed ahead! You may fire when ready, Simon & Schuster!" And we, for one, are glad he did, and they did.

Advertising, the whipping boy of industry, the Patsy Boliver of privilege, the Peck's Bad Boy of Radio City, has taken quite a few lusty cudgelings in recent years. But "Aurora Dawn" is decidedly not one of them.

There may be somewhere a laughing cavalier, but we much doubt whether there is anywhere a laughing crusader. As the late Senator J. J. Ingalls once said, "There is always a dull suspicion in leaden, opaque, and barren minds that wit, brilliancy, and imagination are incompatible with great mental power and solidity of judgment." Whether this be true or not, a lot of people appear to believe that it is, which makes crusading a serious business.

So this gay and exciting novel will have to stand on its own dancing feet as a pleasant satire told within the framework of an idiom that gives it novelty and distinction—a rare combination in this day and age.

Guilty Heart

THE TRIAL OF SOREN QVIST. By Janet Lewis. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

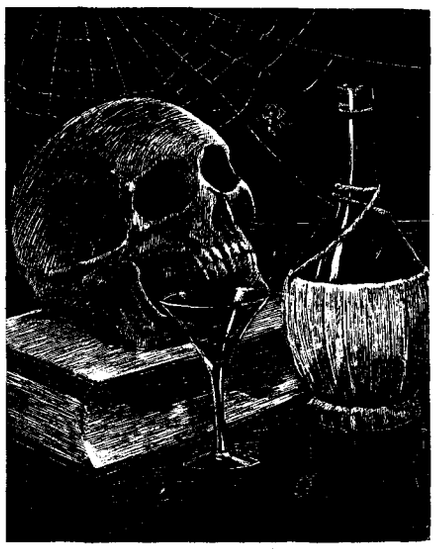
Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

MAN'S mind is practically his last citadel of defense and seclusion. As a man thinketh is his own affair, answerable to his own conscience. So far science has not succeeded in penetrating the mists of the spirit. The clairvoyant remains under special contract. So may it continue. The world's sinners are more than willing to bear false witness against themselves. The saints, therefore, must submit to trial by jury.

The pastor of Miss Lewis's tale is the victim, first, of his weakness and, secondly, of his own sense of justice. At the moment Hamlet first desired the death of Claudius, he branded himself eternally as a murderer. Guilt in the heart is the true guilt, never to be denied. There is no reprieve from a conscious instinct for an evil, albeit unfulfilled, act.

"The Trial of Soren Qvist" states this thesis in abundantly clear terms. Janet Lewis has retold a true legend of Denmark in unadorned, free, and exciting prose. Hers is a gruesomely fascinating story of such circumstantial evidence as to make the reader want to cry out in protest. The historical material is well organized, treated with imaginative care, and unencumbered by too much emphasis on correctness. Laid in the seventeenth century, it is visually acceptable, happily free of period paraphernalia that should so often be declared as excess wordage. Miss Lewis rations wisely. Everything counts, and the jigsaw of evidence spells an inevitable doom.

The drama opens in Aälso parish in Jutland in the year 1646. A one-armed beggar appears at the priest's house, claiming to be the brother of and heir to dead, despised Marten



Bruus. The priest's old housekeeper and the local judge assemble to listen and to learn the truth. The beggar's identity is doubted. Neils Bruus is believed dead, murdered years ago by the priest of Vejlby parish, Soren Qvist, whose life was exacted as a result. The shock of these facts catapults the beggar back twenty-one years in time, and we get the recapitulation of the nightmare.

Villainous Marten Bruus, having incurred Pastor Soren's great wrath, realizes a constant struggle for patience and forebearance is this saint's secret. How the crafty creature uses this knowledge; how, through his unknowing brother, he taunts and tortures and finally strains the pastor's will is the purport of Miss Lewis's story. The plot is richly renaissance. Graveyards yawn, and even the dead are disturbed. Vengeance is achieved; injustice triumphs.

Miss Lewis recounts the mounting horror, the crescendo of circumstance tautly. We believe in atonement, but are outraged by what appears to be and by what is. Assuredly this was the intention, and it is eminently successful.

Mythical England

LAST STRAW FOR HARRIET. By Elizabeth Cadell. New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc. 1947. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN LAMB

IF YOU are afraid that Attlee & Co. are playing hob with the England of Stalky & Same, this is the book to reassure you. Mrs. Cadell's characters give no indication of having ever heard of Attlee or of Cripps and austerity or, for that matter, of the war. They live in the Never-Never land of literary English villagedom, and a very pleasant place it is. A Cockaigne redecorated by Constable.

Most American readers have dipped into English villagedom at one time or another, and they will have no trouble recognizing their surroundings. There is an eccentric squire and his more eccentric lady who quarrels with the vicar. There is their bouncing, hearty daughter who competes with somebody else's dark-haired, demure niece for the girl-shy hero. The latter's younger brother is home for the "hols" and given to practical jokes. The still younger sister abets him. Their mother, the Harriet of the title, is a Never-Never Mrs. Miniver.

The one character who has any connection with unpleasant actuality is Miss Eider, whimsically so-called because her real name is something like Cwacwak. She is a refugee, but her Cloud-Cuckoo standing is maintained by having her a refugee from vague revolutions of a dim Balkan past.

There is not much use going into the plot. It's along the lines you'd expect, and wouldn't appear to have held much interest for Mrs. Cadell. She injects it at odd intervals, in indigestible doses, saving the most indigestible for the end. Like any properly reticent Briton, she seems embarrassed by scenes of emotion, and the embarrassment is contagious. But when the author forgets about her plot and lets her readers relax around the family table, she comes up with rich and cheerful conversation, a lot of it very funny. I particularly enjoyed the scene where the younger brother and sister start to clean out their old toy cupboard, and the rest of the household is gradually drawn into fascinated participation.

It would be against the rules to write about "Last Straw for Harriet" without comparing it with the works of Angela Thirkell. The genre is the same, all right, but Mrs. Cadell offers thinner fare. If Angela Thirkell is your meat, this book may do as your Yorkshire pudding.

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Delicately Flavored Stories

THE STATE OF MIND. By Mark Schorer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 346 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JACK IAMS

TEN years ago a story appeared in *Story Magazine* that has stuck vividly in my mind ever since. It dealt with a man's attempt to break away from an abnormal, unwholesome life, a somewhat murky theme which the story itself transcended to become a powerful study of light versus darkness. I had forgotten the author's name and I was agreeably surprised to find the story in this collection and standing up well after all this time.

Having read it again, along with the thirty-two stories in "The State of Mind," it's not likely I'll forget Mark Schorer's name in the future. If I do, I hope somebody makes me write it on a blackboard a hundred times. Because Mr. Schorer is a very good writer and this is as fine a group of stories as has come along in quite a while. They are stories that stay with you.

It is only fair to warn the reader that they are not happy stories. The author himself observes on the jacket that most of them deal with "anxiety," which does not make for comfortable reading, especially when taken in a lump. But they shouldn't be taken in a lump; not only because their melancholy then becomes downright depressing, but also because the flavor of Mr. Schorer's writing is best savored in small and leisurely mouthfuls. It is a delicate, lingering flavor and all of his stories have it, even the ones that come closest to falling flat, as a few of them do.

The collection covers a period of fourteen years (the jacket says ten, suggesting that the blurb-writer had trouble subtracting 1933 from 1947), the earlier items culled mostly from "little magazines," the later ones from the shiny pages of *The New Yorker, Harper's Bazaar,* and even, in one instance, *Collier's.*

This is a not unfamiliar path for a short-story writer to tread, but it is remarkable, and impressive, that Mr. Schorer should have written so consistently during so many years and for such different media. The story called "For Winter Nights," for example, which appeared in 1933 in *The Year Magazine,* is written with the same precision and clarity as "The Threshold of Pain" in *Collier's* twelve years later. His command of language would seem to be a fixed quantity in the otherwise fluid equation of his development.

More than half of the stories deal, though not always directly, with children. In several of the earlier ones, the action is seen through the eyes of a small boy, which, as handled by Mr. Schorer, seems a natural and sensitive device. The story which I mentioned in the first paragraph, titled "Long in Populous City Pent," is told by the boy, and the fact that he doesn't understand what is happening lends the recital a sharp pathos.

In the later stories, the children are seen through the eyes of their parents, and it is with the complex reactions of the latter that the author is concerned. There is a warm accuracy and understanding in all these childhood stories, and a certain amount of happiness and sunlight; but they won't put you in a Penrod mood. That's not what Mr. Schorer has in mind.

The two most ambitious stories are "The Long Embrace" and the one which concludes the book and gives it its title. The former attempts to get into the mind of a girl dying on an operating table and it stays with her right to and slightly past the end, which is quite an enterprise. But the author brings it off convincingly and even with a sort of grotesque comfort. There is no comfort at all, though, in "The State of Mind," whose protagonist examines his own crumbling sanity in letters to someone he loves, finally giving up hope. The impressive thing about both of these stories is the way the author keeps a firm rein on his words even when they are conveying the dreamy borderline of death or the searing brightness of a mental crack-up. His precision is surgical and steady as if he himself is determined to tell you this story without letting it get him.

One querulous complaint: Why do the publishers use single quotation marks for outer quotes and double ones for inner quotes? It gets awfully confusing sometimes.

The Reward of Virtue

HAPPY MAN. By Hermann Kesten. Translated by Edward Crankshaw. Illustrated by George Grosz. New York: A. A. Wyn, Inc. 1947. 254 pp. $3.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

MR. KESTEN'S novel begins with the words: "But we could still kill ourselves." On the last page, Herr Max Blattner, hero of "Happy Man" (which is now presented for the first time to the American reader, fifteen years after having met with much praise at its appearance in Germany, France, England, Sweden, Poland, and half a dozen other European countries), expounds his philosophy of life to Frau Blattner:

> You know, Ella, there is only one sort of man. Successful men or failures—they all belong to the same species. Fate is simply an invention of the lazy! You know I don't respect men simply because they have money, but one thing I will say: if a man is a beggar he deserves his lot; that's what I say! And anyone who is unhappy can take the blame for it to himself. Happiness is nothing but the reward of effort. Unhappiness is another word for lack of talent, it is a flaw in a man's character, it is the ruin of humanity.

Whereupon Frau Blattner asks: "And happiness?"

"Happiness," says Max, "happiness is the reward of virtue."

Mr. Kesten before letting his hero land in the haven of virtue and luck takes him (and the reader) through many a whirlpool of emotion and adventure, through despair and ecstasy, crime and gamble, idyllic dreams and rude awakenings, glittering hopes and gruesome fears. The dark threads and the light ones are woven together with the skilled hand of an accomplished craftsman whose guiding stars are to be found among the masters of the world's great literature of laughter and compassion, grim humor and witty moralizing, scepticism and satire.

Written on the eve of Hitler's rise to power, this novel shows us, in an ironic mirror, the picture of that little happy man of Germany who, a short while later, was to be turned into a willing tool of the most abject modern barbarism—for his happiness had become "mechanical, his fate automatic, his personality an arithmetical problem . . . his moral views dependent on police decrees."

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PAY DIRT

EVERY American reader knows that at least every other American author was born in Indiana. Edward Eggleston, John Hay, Lew Wallace, Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, James Whitcomb Riley, Maurice Thompson, William Vaughn Moody, Theodore Dreiser, David Graham Phillips, Charles Major, Gene Stratton Porter, George Ade, George Barr McCutcheon, Booth Tarkington, and Ernie Pyle were all native Hoosiers—and so are Meredith Nicholson and Lloyd C. Douglas. Maurice Thompson and Charles Major are far from familiar names today, but who has not heard of "Alice of Old Vincennes" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower"?

It has remained for a non-Hoosier, John H. Moriarty, director of libraries at Purdue University, to reduce this indigenous literary affinity to impressive and convincing statistics. Using Alice Payne Hackett's "Fifty Years of Best Sellers" as a guide, he has constructed a box-score, by states, of American best sellers for the first forty years of the twentieth century. He has published his findings in *The Indiana Quarterly for Bookmen* under the title "Hoosiers Sell Best."

They certainly do. Mr. Moriarty scored ten points for the top best seller in each year, nine for the second, and so on down to one for the tenth. On this basis Indiana led in the 1900-1940 period with 216 points, New York was second with 215, Pennsylvania a poor third with 125, Virginia fourth with 102, Kentucky fifth with ninety-four, Missouri sixth with eighty, Ohio seventh with seventy-three, Michigan eighth with seventy, Minnesota ninth with sixty-seven, and California tenth with sixty-four.

Each of several states, he found, (but not Indiana) owes its inclusion in this listing to a single star performer—a sort of Babe Ruth of the typewriter. Missouri's debt is to the late Winston Churchill (not the Winston Churchill who received an honorary degree from Westminster College), Ohio's to Zane Grey, Minnesota's to Sinclair Lewis. Thanks to James Lane Allen, Alice Caldwell Hegan, John Fox, Jr., and George Horace Lorimer, Kentucky led the field up to 1910—Irvin Cobb, single-handed, could not maintain her eminence for her.

The reader will have noticed that there are no New England states among the first ten. New England's showing, as a matter of fact, is wretched. New Hampshire leads the northeast corner with fifty-four points, Massachusetts is next with thirty-one, and Maine third with twenty-eight. It would be pleasant to stop there, but honesty demands the rest: Vermont, three; Connecticut, two; Rhode Island, none. There are seven zero states in addition to Rhode Island: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington.

Mr. Moriarty confesses that "the preeminence of Indiana in the year-in, year-out popularity of its authors is not too easy to explain." He continues:

> The Hoosier state is a middling one in most other respects, not at the top or bottom among the states in population, resources, size, or location. It is not the oldest or youngest in history; it is not all agricultural or all manufacturing; not all cities, nor all country. It is hard to find a social or economic condition in which Indiana is very outstanding or very deficient, either, except in this top popularity of its authors.

It may be, he suggests, "its very middling quality, which the state has passed on to its writers," that has given them their wide appeal. The Hoosier may have lacked the "extensive contacts" of the Easterner and the Westerner, but he "has possibly in himself and his environment enough of the usual, the familiar, the normal American way to cause his novels—made up of what he likes and his feelings—to be something that the rest of the country likes too."

This is not to say that regionalism itself has done the trick, for pure regionalism is by no means the dominant characteristic of the work of the Hoosier school. Lew Wallace went as far afield as Mexico and Judaea, and Charles Major back to Tudor England. Yet Wallace's orthodoxy was Indiana's own—indeed, that of contemporary America—and Major's knights and ladies would have been at home on the banks of the Wabash or the White. And it can be argued, conversely, that while Alice Adams was a declared Indianapolitan, she would have been the same girl, could have been confronted by an identical situation, and could and would have reacted identically to that situation in Albany or Pittsburgh or Spokane.

Indiana seems to have specialized in producing, in the main, sound, professional men of letters who wrote, readably, what was worth reading and what was pleasant to read. And if New York, with its one-point failure to tie for league leadership, wants to feel snooty about Indiana's inability to exhibit a Melville or an Irving or a Whitman, let it be added that New York owes its high place on Mr. Moriarty's roster to the perennial successes of a native son name Harold Bell Wright.

J. T. W.

Waiting's Web

By Joseph Francis Murphy

"WHAT will I find when I return . . ."
An idle but persistent strain,
Like coins in pocket, I would turn
This question over in my brain.

I knew the answer all the while,
But still I wore the question thin;
I whirled the numbers on the dial
And asked if I myself were in.

Now this device is old and keeps
The flesh in waiting's web work caught,
For madness comes if doubting sleeps
Within the heart's peculiar thought.

The heart must wait until it feels
The subtle weather of the day,
And nothing that the mind reveals
Can wear the blood's old doubt away.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Books for Prague

SIR: Charles University of Prague, Czechoslovakia, has recently founded a chair in American Literature and the History of American Civilization. As far as I know, there are only two other universities on the European continent, the Sorbonne of Paris and Upsala, Sweden, that have similar departments.

Unfortunately, the Germans looted and burned so many books that the newly founded American school of Charles University has few books on American subjects.

I am therefore appealing to *SRL* readers to contribute any important books they can which would enable students to obtain a comprehensive understanding of American literature and civilization.

The need is especially great for classics in American fiction from Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne to Henry James, Hemingway, Faulkner; poetry from Poe, Longfellow, and Whitman to Frost, Millay, and Robinson; history from Fiske, Parkman, and Prescott to Beard, Adams, and Nevins; literary criticism from Lowell, Brownell, and Huneker to Mencken, Van Doren, and Kenneth Burke; and the works of philosophers from Emerson, William James, and Dewey to Irwin Edman and Richard McKeon.

I have mentioned names at random. Any good book on any aspect of American history and civilization will be welcomed.

Books should be mailed to Bracket Lewis, Czechoslovak-American Relief, 1819 Broadway, New York 23.

MAURICE HINDUS.

New York, N. Y.

"Interloper" for Roosevelt

SIR: Professor Allan Nevins, in his review of James M. Cox's "Journey Through My Years," says this of my status during the London Monetary and Economic Conference in 1933:

"He thinks (and gives good reasons for thinking) that Moley was a blundering interloper."

I am not interested in answering the Cox memoirs. They constitute political controversy, and long experience in politics has taught me not to answer political attacks.

But when a professor of history in a distinguished institution passes judgment on the Cox surmise and characterizes me as an "interloper," I have no choice but to offer the facts in the same magazine.

The word "interloper," according to the "New Standard Dictionary," means "one who thrusts himself into a place without right." The inference of Cox, which Professor Nevins so eagerly seizes, is that I had no authority in London. That is a ridiculously false inference.

My authority was written by President Roosevelt. It was published at the time and was never questioned until Messrs. Cox and Nevins raised the point. Mr. Roosevelt wrote my assignment with his own hand. I have the document in my possession and printed a facsimile of it in my book, "After Seven Years." It said:

> Asst. Secretary Moley is sailing tomorrow for London at the request of the President. He will act in a sense as a messenger or liaison officer on this short trip, giving the American delegates first-hand information of the various developments, Congressional, etc., in the country since the Delegation left and conveying the President's views of the effect of these developments on the original instruction given the Delegation before they sailed.
>
> Asst. Sec'y. Moley will stay in London only about a week and will then return to give the President full information of the Conference up to that time.

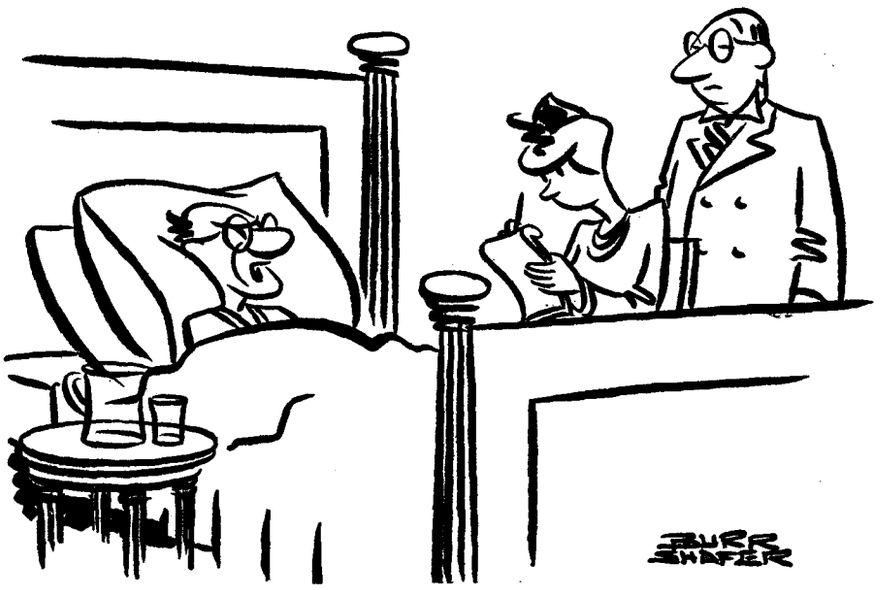
There are a considerable number of cables which passed between the President and his "liaison officer" and which clearly recognize the authority described above.

There is also the fact that Secretary Hull advised the Delegation, including Mr. Cox, that I was dealing with stabilization as well, since that was expressly outside the authority of the Delegation. Stabilization was a Treasury, not a State Department matter, and I was in constant touch with Treasury Secretary Woodin and had his approval of what I did.

It is curious that, in light of this record which was common knowledge at the time, a teacher of history should see fit to choose the word "interloper."

RAYMOND MOLEY.

New York, N. Y.



"Those are my last words. Read them back to me."

Any Victor Herbert Documents?

SIR: I have embarked on writing a biography of Victor Herbert whose popularity seems perennial and whose importance, I think, is unquestioned. It is my privilege to have the full cooperation of Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Bartlett, son-in-law and daughter respectively of the famous composer, but he had so many friends and professional associates all over the country that pertinent memorabilia must be widely scattered. If any readers of this magazine have Victor Herbert letters, photographs, documents, or material relating to the man, his music, and productions, I should be most grateful for the loan of them and would guarantee their prompt return. They should be sent to 3613 Greenway Drive, S.E., Washington 20, D.C. EDWARD N. WATERS.

Washington, D. C.

A Virgilian Prophecy

SIR: Many have found in the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil the makings of a Messianic prophecy. Has anyone yet noted in the Third a clear intimation that the poet might have had a distant vision of the broadcasting commentator of our very day? See what he wrote:

> *. . . quis fuit alter*
> *Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?*

In terms of modern speech may this not be rendered: "Who was that other who described the entire world for mankind—over the radio?"

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

Boston, Mass.

Harlan Hungerford of Kent State

SIR: The Literary I.Q. of March 29 should have shown Harlan Hungerford's address as Kent State University, Kent, O., instead of Miami University, as I indicated.

HOWARD COLLINS.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Hymn of Hate

SIR: I do not seem to care so much
For "After all" used as a crutch
And "In the last analysis"
Deserves a swift paralysis.

JOHN G. ROBEL.

Chicago, Ill.

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Round Table on Parnassus

THE COMMONWEALTH OF ART. By Curt Sachs. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1946. 289 pp. $5.

Reviewed by DONALD OENSLAGER

DR. SACHS has written extensively on the history of music and the history of dance. Now in this book he has joined to music and dance, architecture, painting, sculpture, and costume. He believes it is time the muses all returned to Parnassus and held a round-table conference on the state of the arts. He feels that for a long time the arts have been moving along entirely too independently and that they have forgotten that they possess a common language. So Dr. Sachs himself has journeyed to Parnassus, hailed the muses into conference, and appointed himself secretary-general. "The Commonwealth of Art" might be a report from his minutes of those meetings.

The book is arranged in three parts. The first part is an outline of comparative art history. Decked out in prose form it is a chronological chart of a mass of material for the most part found in general surveys of the arts. But Dr. Sachs expects from his readers much more than the general information that is found in such surveys. He presupposes on the part of the reader a wide knowledge of highly technical terms which are the particular idioms of architecture, painting, sculpture, costume, dance, and music. For instance, he speaks of the novelty inherent in the madrigal or the ballad:

> Vital in their novelty are, in the first place, the renunciation of any cantus firmus and of counterpoint in medieval style for an almost chordal, harmonic accompaniment of the melody and, secondly, in connection with this change, the energetic turn to anecdotic texts as well as to anecdotic music.

For 195 pages the uninitiated reader wanders in a maze of such technical terms and phrases.

The second part of the book is concerned with the nature of style. A nonconformist, Dr. Sachs is not content with the terms Classic, Gothic, Baroque, and Romantic. He has resurrected the words Ethos and Pathos, meaning generally classic and unclassic. Ethos and Pathos represent the basic dualism, "the two opposite directions in which the styles of art recede and flood." The author admits his terms "are vague and often inadequate. For the less a term is specific the better it suits those intangible complexities in art which elude determinate styles." This is excuse for such phrases as the ethos arts, the pathos age, the ethos man, or the pathos aversion. Against this vague background, Dr. Sachs discusses the principles of design in relation to all the arts. The prismatic result is sheer confusion.

The last section of the book is a résumé, "The Fate of Style." With studied calculation Dr. Sachs observes the obvious flux and flow through the ages of all art movements. Like a geologist he fits these epochs into strata of obvious cycles. There is the Cycle of Antiquity, the Cycle of the Middle Ages, followed by the Cycle of the Later Ages, which he breaks down specifically into the Greater Renaissance 1430-1730, and the Greater Romanticism 1730-1910.

"The Commonwealth of Art" seems all out of hand. The plan of chapters for encompassing such a complex subject should be basically simple. It is bewilderingly complicated. Chapters in the second part bear such headings as "Limitation and Boundlessness," "Essence and Appearance." These chapters include subheadings such as "The Fusion of the Divine and the Secular," "Size and Density," "Immanence and Accident." Individual paragraphs are filled with a harvest of abstruse verbiage. The entire approach is pedantic and pedagogic.

For whom is all the effort of this book intended? Artists and musicians in discussing their problems use the simplest and most direct terms. The general public will find difficulty in absorbing such a complex of esthetics so peppered with invented phrases and encyclopedic references from the entire realm of the arts. And for the student of the history of the arts, the study of an abstract science should seem far more attractive and rewarding than "The Commonwealth of Art" itself.

Shakespeare Rewritten

SHAKESPEARE ARRANGED FOR MODERN READING. Edited by Frank W. Cady and Van H. Cartmell. Illustrations by Rockwell Kent. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 1,165 pp. $5.

Reviewed by CHARLES NORMAN

PERHAPS the question about a book of this sort is, not whether it is well or badly done, but whether it is proper to do it at all. Professor Cady and Mr. Cartmell have written in their introduction:

> In order to get at the famous lines and passages which have gained the immortality of quotation, the reader ordinarily has to wade through extensive tracts of minor lines and passages of only contemporary interest, which, though they beguiled the Elizabethan audiences for whom they were written, have little meaning for the average reader of today.

They have therefore decided what passages "have little meaning for the average reader of today," and have left them out. But they have not shortened Shakespeare, as they claim to have done; they have rewritten him, a thing for which, until now, the twentieth century has excoriated the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth.

Together with their excisions, which are of considerable scope, they have made interpolations, which are of considerable dulness. These interpolations by the editors are, oddly enough, set in a type which is larger than that used for the passages from Shakespeare's plays.

"Henry V" has two scenes which are, apparently, the pure invention of Shakespeare, for they do not occur in Holinshed's "Chronicles" or in the earlier play, "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," from both of which he drew. They are the wooing of Kate by Hal at the end of the play and Kate's English lesson in Act III. These scenes have delighted readers who were not modern, and have recently delighted audiences that were. The wooing has been cut to such an extent, that Shakespeare's triumph in projecting two human beings instead of two historical characters in costume is all but absent from Messrs. Cady's and Cartmell's pages; while the English lesson—"de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow," etc.—is missing in its entirety. In its place is the following:

> Meanwhile, in Paris, Katharine, the Princess of France, conscious that her father is about to offer her in marriage to Henry, is learning English from her maid, and the King, with his counselors, is talking over the campaign.

The folly of this kind of editing reaches its height in the narrative poems, where Shakespeare's smooth-flowing, if repetitive stanzas are interrupted by remarks like:

> Adonis has gone, and the hours of night seem long to Venus. But finally it is dawn.
> Now that Adonis is dead she turns to lamentation.

And so let us do. To collaborate with Shakespeare at this late date is as foolish as it is impossible.

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Seeing Things

THE UPRIGHT BUS

IT WAS Sweetheart's fault. Yes, the fault of poor old battered sex-ridden Sweetheart. I couldn't get her out of my mind.

I was to have stayed in Wichita Falls all the next day and taken a train back to Fort Worth in the late afternoon. But that would have kept me from having dinner with some friends there. And my heart was set on this reunion.

That's one reason why Sweetheart got the better of me. The other was that during the night I decided I had been missing a lot. The sheltered life is existence, but is it living? The more I thought about Sweetheart, the more convinced I became that I wanted—more accurately, needed—to be bussed by her or one of her kind.

In the shiny brightness of a Texas morning I, therefore, checked out of the Kemp Hotel and walked around the block to Sweetheart's Place, prepared to wait for her to roll in. As a matter of fact, when I got there, she was already outside—panting.

"She ain't quite ready yet," growled a man in uniform. Realizing impatience would get me nowhere, I entered the building beside which Sweetheart was standing, and pushed my way through the crowd.

"One-way ticket to Fort Worth, please," I said.

A nice-looking fellow with a face as healthy and dental as an advertisement shoved a ticket towards me and gave me my change.

Two girls had been in the line ahead of me. I must admit I was surprised, and a little disappointed, to notice that when the clerk waited on them his face had not blushed and his lips had not parted. To tell the truth, he hadn't even bothered to look up at them.

"Never mind," I murmured to myself. "He's just not a Steinbeck type. But don't give up hope. We haven't started yet." So I sat down on a nearby bench and, as a refresher course, looked through the copy of "The Wayward Bus" which I had finished the night before.

Over in the far corner of the waiting room was a lunch counter, an abbreviated one. On its surface were the usual bowls of oranges and cakes hooded under glass. Behind it rose several tiers of boxed cereals. The smell of coffee was the only fresh scent in the tired air. It was this that drew me to the counter. Although I missed the flies which added so much activity to Mr. Steinbeck's Rebel Corners, I couldn't help thinking, "Well, this is more like it."

"Black coffee, please," said I to the young woman behind the counter. At the moment she was idle, bending over a magazine.

"Cream?" she asked, in a voice unwarmed by romance.

"Black coffee," I repeated somewhat firmly. But something inside me whispered, "Mustn't be too cross. Poor thing, no doubt she's dreaming of Clark Gable."

I looked at her closely, hopefully, with Steinbeck as my Baedeker. I was prepared for the worst. But she wasn't like Norma. Not a bit. Her eyes weren't "dream-widened." They did not "flex" as they surveyed the row of apathetic men gulping their breakfast in front of her. Although she may have had a "secret garden in her head," it was not full of the Hollywood weeds Mr. Steinbeck had planted in Norma's.

No, this young woman seemed in the best of health; the best of spirits, too. I couldn't help wondering, however, if hidden in her bedroom was a photograph of Clark Gable, to "keep her dream warm." It's so hard to tell things like that about people just by looking at them. That is, unless you're a novelist or his first cousin in fiction, a psychoanalyst. Even so, I doubted if this girl would own such a picture. You see, the magazine she was reading had nothing to do with the movies. It was *The Atlantic Monthly*.

A man wearing a double-breasted suit and a "thousand-miler" light brown shirt limped up to the counter beside me. "Prankster," thought I. "He can't fool me. Any moment he'll rip off his shoe and sock and reveal a 'Little Wonder Artificial Sore Foot'." He didn't, however. He was still limping when we got to Fort Worth. Evidently his resemblance to Ernest Horton was only shirt deep.

A glance at my watch told me that Sweetheart should by now be ready and waiting. She was. But she didn't look the way she did in Mr. Steinbeck's pages. She wasn't run-down. She was sleek, well-cushioned, throbbing with power, and her paint was new. Plainly she was part of a big commercial organization. No one would have dreamed of calling her Sweetheart. Not even her driver.

He was standing by the door of this mammoth bus, taking the passengers' tickets. Instead of having the wolfish look and itinerant eyes of Juan Chicoy, this driver was a genial family man who seemed to dread the thought of being away from home all day. He was neither lean nor sinewy. Where he had purchased his uniform, I do not know. I suspect, however, he must have bought it at Lane Bryant's.

Naturally, I was curious about the people who were to be my fellow-passengers. I scanned them the way citizens of Key West survey September and October skies for signs of approaching tropical storms.

THERE were three boys in their late teens, not one of whose cheeks, I was relieved to note, was "rivuleted and rotted and eroded with acne." It has been dinned into me that looks are deceiving. I am more than willing to grant this. But none of these youngsters, at least at this moment, seemed to be the prey of Casanova impulses. Such snatches of their conversation as I overheard were devoted to palominos, broncos, and steer-roping, without so much as a hint of a bee or a flower intruding.

There were also four cattlemen. They were sporting either ten-gallon or Truman hats, and treading malely on those Carmencita heels into which their cowboy boots tapered beneath their khaki trousers. Apparently their thoughts were only on the rodeo they were to see in Fort Worth that afternoon. I'll admit that, as we waited at the entrance to give the driver our tickets, I heard one of these men mention "pigs." But, unlike Mr. Steinbeck's Louie, the pigs this Texan had in mind turned out to be porcine.

In the line were two girls (librarians, I suspected, whose hours were devoted to the non-fiction shelves); three middle-aged couples (farmers, I deduced, with no visible crops of

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STATE OF THE UNION
1946 Pulitzer Prize Play
Produced by LELAND HAYWARD
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their own); and a husband and wife with wide-eyed and excited little boys dressed up like cowboys. There was also a fat woman carrying a cheap straw suitcase. She was not of the home-breaking type.

I must admit I was disappointed. So far as I could ascertain, the Equator I had been led to expect had dwindled into the Arctic Circle. Still, I was not craven enough to abandon hope. Instinctively, I turned around to see where Mildred Pritchard was. Or, better still, if Camille Oaks weren't coming along. Mr. Steinbeck had cajoled me into believing a bus ride was impossible without a wine-sitter.

Once I had mounted the steps and reached the aisle inside, I took a quick look at the windshield. "What," thought I, "cheated again? No penates! No baby shoes! No plastic kewpie doll with a cerise and green ostrich-feather headdress and a provocative sarong! No Virgin of Guadalupe! Not even a pin-up of a bra-some beauty! Just a small picture of a quite plain wife with two plain little children, all smiling and happy, tucked away loyally in the upper lefthand corner of the windshield, and a monastic sign warning passengers to abstain even from conversation with the driver."

Dashed, I sank into a comfortable seat by a window far back in the bus. "Never mind," I said to myself again, "we haven't started. Things will soon become more Steinbeckian. They are bound to. He couldn't have been fooling me to this extent. Anyway, we haven't left yet."

As a matter of fact, we were waiting. "For Camille Oaks, I presume," an inner voice as confident as Stanley's reassured me. Wait we did for five suspensive minutes. Meanwhile, the three boys distributed themselves in the seats in front of me, two on one side of the aisle, one on the far side. Promptly, they either went to sleep or became engrossed in comics.

At the zero hour, when the motor was beginning to sputter, a man and woman emerged from the waiting room. She was pretty, and he a good, breezy type who followed his smile onto the bus.

To my relief they turned out not to be mates heading for the gangway of the Ark. He pushed by her without sighing, with his lips shut tight, and sauntered back to sit in the vacant seat by me. She stood by the driver to get some change.

"This is more like it," thought I. "This is it!" But the driver's only interest was his money. The smile he gave this woman, as he handed her her change, was Statler-clerk, and nothing more.

She stood there at the head of the

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aisle for an instant, a pleasant, bright-eyed brunette. Then she closed her purse and reached for her small suitcase.

THIS entrance of hers should, of course, have been the moment of group ignition. Something, however, was wrong with her, with the men in the bus, or with Steinbeck. None of the boys put down their comics. None of the cattlemen lifted their heads. None of the husbands so much as tossed their wives out of the windows.

She just walked back to where the mother was sitting with the now-quieted child in her arms, and sat down. Her passage was as devoid of electricity as an Indian tepee before John Smith's time. No great hot surge of desire overcame the assembled males; no masculine eyes grew beady; no perspiration stippled virile brows; no heads lifted, much less pivoted; no Sunday School graduate had to say or think, "Remember, suh, she is somebody's sister or mother." She merely went her way as unnoticed as the average charity appeal.

No sooner had she reached her seat than the bus pulled out. First, Wichita Falls' main streets. Next, its outskirts. Then the open country, and mile after mile of it, flat, limitless, and dotted here and there with scrub oaks or sudden little towns which in reality were clusters of houses. Everywhere there was the sunshine of a cloudless sky.

This displeased me. No Navajo chief and no Biblical character ever prayed more ardently for rain than I did. "That's what started it all in Mr. Steinbeck's pages," I remembered. "Bad Weather friends. A bridge has to be washed away. The engine must break down, the gas give out. We must get off this macadam, or turn down a dirt road and mire in the mud. Otherwise all these people will do nothing more than they are now doing, and that is sleep and snore, and crunch, and chatter, or look out the windows, and in general behave themselves to a preacher's taste."

Boredom settled on me like a London fog until we had bounced and rolled along for about an hour. Suddenly the driver quickened my languishing hopes. We were by now

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in a sizable town, alongside another bus station. The motor was silent.

"We will be here for twenty minutes," announced the driver with the gentleness and results of an alarm clock.

"That ought to be time enough," said I to myself, "for something to happen. Maybe someone . . ." And there we were for those promised twenty minutes.

Meanwhile, all the passengers had dismounted to sip hot coffee and nibble on doughnuts at the lunch counter, or disappear furtively. One of the wives was sitting next to me, and I could not help noticing that, though she talked with her husband about buying some new curtains, she never once referred to an orchid house. I was relieved also to notice that, when she and her husband slunk away before returning to the bus, she came back with neither mud nor self-inflicted scratches on her face. The truth is that during this entire rest period no strangers had accosted one another. There had been neither pick-ups nor abandonings.

WHEN we started out again, I did my best to break the ice with the smiling man in the seat beside me. A cup of coffee had reinstated him among the conscious after a nap that had lasted during the first half of the trip. He was so amiable on the subjects of cattle, Texas, Truman, the war, taxes, and the countryside, that I was not surprised to learn he was a Rotarian. He told me he was in the furniture business.

"I'm heading for a convention now," he added. I was delighted to have had him tell me this. He put an idea in my head. I turned to him, much as the Greeks must have approached Delphi. I was confident he could answer a question Mr. Steinbeck had left blazing in my mind.

"Go to many stag dinners?" I asked with a grin that I am afraid was something of a leer.

"Sure."

"Well, uh — uh — Hope you don't mind, there's something I'd like to ask you."

"What?"

"Uh—at these dinners—uh—do you always have—girls?"

"I said they were stag."

"What I mean is," I continued, "do you—? You see, I have been reading a book and it says that at business men's dinners—(I don't happen to be a business man myself)—they sometimes have girls—you know, girls who do nothing but just sit nude in a big bowl of wine on the table. Is that true?"

"Hell, no," said the man. "If so, I

have been going to the wrong dinners."

Long before we reached Fort Worth, I decided I had been reading the wrong books. Nothing, absolutely nothing, had happened to me or anyone else on our bus except that we had been carried as a placid group from Wichita Falls to our announced destination. By the time the skyscrapers of Fort Worth rose from the plains, I was a man both disappointed and disillusioned.

Questions quite different from the question I had put to my bus companion, were trooping through my head. Aren't people infinitely better than some of our better writers rejoice in telling us that they are? Why does a gulf have to separate fact from fiction? What is the sense of realism, however skilfully observed, if it is essentially unreal? If realism isn't true, then isn't it trash?

It is quite possible, of course, that I just missed THE bus. But it is just as possible, and indeed more probable, that I took the right one by not boarding Mr. Steinbeck's, and by not meeting passengers who in any way resembled those he invented for his sex safari.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Hellas's Nautical History

ANCIENT GREEK MARINERS. By Walter Woodburn Hyde. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. 321 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by FREDERICK PALMER

WHEN Soviet Russia is casting more than casually disinterested glances towards the Aegean, that immemorially disputed mother sea of civilization, this book by a veteran and outstanding Greek scholar is timely as well as authoritative. It might well be required reading for every mariner, aviator, and student of world politics who would know the origin and progress of the vehicles and the craftsmanship and the science of their pilotage in man's mastery of time and space.

Without the Greek astrolabe, which was not superseded by the sextant and quadrant as guides to navigation until early in the eighteenth century A.D., Columbus would hardly have ventured forth on the spacious unknown distances of the Atlantic. The astrolabe (which the Arabs were to improve) was invented, Dr. Hyde reassures us, by Hipparchus, the father of Greek astronomy, in the second century B.C., or by Appolonius, the great mathematician of antiquity, in the third century B.C. Long before this, and before the Babylonian sundial mechanism for reckoning latitudes, called the Gnomon, which preceded the astrolabe, the mariners of young Hellas were coursing the Aegean to the Asiatic shore. Their little ships propelled by square sails and oars were to find their way through the passage between Asia and Europe, which they named the Hellespont, to the discovery of the Black Sea. Dr. Hyde pays due tribute to the Egyptians, Cretans, and Carians, as well as the Phoenicians, who were the mariner predecessors of the Greeks. There is no record of how much earlier the Egyptians were navigating the eastern Mediterranean than the fourteenth century B.C., when they anticipated the Suez Canal by connecting the Pelusiac branch of the Nile with the Red Sea.

Until they had the astrolabe the ancient mariners were bound to keep close to the shore in waters where the currents and weather were known. So the immense trade across Asia and Europe, from the silks of China to the tin of Britain, was mainly carried overland to the Mediterranean basin. Centuries before the sons of Carthage went beyond the stormy Bay of Biscay, tin from Britain was ferried over the Dover Strait, borne across northern France, and floated down the Rhone river on its way to be melted as an alloy with the copper of Cyprus to make bronze.

The Carthaginians guarded their trade routes and their nautical and trade secrets with at times murderous cruelty to warn off their rivals. Relying on an available Punic record, Dr. Hyde discounts much previous scepticism about the voyage of Hanno of Carthage with fifty ships and 30,000 colonists down the west coast of Africa. Unsure as we are about the fate of the colonists, it is certain that Hanno discovered some "hairy savages" who were called *gorillae,* which was more than twenty centuries before Dr. Carl Akeley brought them to general public attention.

Hanno is rated by Dr. Hyde next to Necho and Pytheas in importance among ancient discoverers. He is inclined, on the evidence he assembles, to agree with Herodotus that the band of Phoenician seamen sent by Necho II of Egypt, who started through the Pelusiac Canal, did circumnavigate Africa from the east coast twenty-one centuries before Vasca da Gama. He is more convinced that the Greek Pytheas circumnavigated Britain, but finds no adequate proof that he went beyond the North Sea to the Baltic. This was in the third century B.C. what that brilliant young conquering apostle of Greek culture, Alexander, had gone over the Himalayan wall with his army to the mouth of the Indus and had his fleet explore the Bay of Bengal.

Ever beguiling to the historian's curiosity is the secret locked in his mind upon Alexander's death at the age of thirty-three of what he planned to do with the sturdy flotilla Greek marine architects were building for him on the Euphrates. Would the next move in the limitless ambition of his passionate organizing genius be to essay the circumnavigation of Africa? Or would this former pupil of Aristotle undertake the exploration of the Arabian Gulf and the Red Sea and pass on through the Pelusiac Canal to inspect the progress of the building of Alexandria, which was long to be the center of culture and trade in the Mediterranean?

Dr. Hyde does not fail to remind us that where Rome's role was political and military, the marine service of the Greeks was mainly that of rediscoverers and geographers. Beyond this I wish he had placed more stress on the cargoes of the mind which the ships of "the most gifted of peoples," as he refers to them, carried along with their cargoes of goods.

Diogenes, the philosopher, among other immortal Greeks, was something of a traveler, if not one comparable to the merchant Diogenes who discovered the lakes which are the sources of the Nile. A young Athenian student did not consider his education complete until he had done a tour of the ports of the Mediterranean, where he often found employment as a tutor.

In so thorough and well-balanced a book, accompanied by excellent maps, I regret the lack of attention to the civil architects and shipwrights who rushed the construction of the fleet, and to the civil navigators in their direction of the decisive naval battle of Salamis, (480 B.C.) against Xerxes's far outnumbering fleet.

The battle of Marathon, so much better known than Salamis, afforded only a breathing spell for Greece. Thermopylae was only a sacrificial outpost skirmish as a prelude to Salamis. Had Salamis been lost, the mother civilization might have been destroyed. Not only the Greeks but the Romans would have become Persian slaves.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 200

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 200 will be found in the next issue.

BKFMF NG P GCXFHA

XRERML NA SMNFO.

TNXXNPH HPGCA — FASXNGK

SPMZFA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 199

Solemnity is a condition precedent to believing anything without evidence.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

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World War II's Untold Tales

DEADLINE DELAYED. By Members of Overseas Press Club of America. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1947. 311 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by
BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

SINCE Pearl Harbor the approximately five hundred men and women belonging to the Overseas Press Club of America have published and broadcast thousands of stories. Observing humanity in its precarious pilgrimage to an uncertain and a possibly disastrous destination is the business of these foreign correspondents. They have explained the military and political events of the war. They have described the physical and moral wreckage in its wake. Not all their stories, however, have gone to press or into the microphone. For a variety of reasons, some of them have not reached the public. Out of these hitherto untold tales an editorial committee of the club selected twenty-two for publication in this book. They range from sombre tragedy in the house of mourning to comedy in the house of mirth, from world-wide significance to personal trivia, from Britain to Indo-China. They have one thing in common. They are all good reading.

This heterogeneous collection of stories is entirely lacking in integration, but something more than mere entertainment or satisfying curiosity is intended. Possibly the arrangement was not fortuitous. Gretta Palmer opens the series with her compassionate and moving report on the vain struggle for freedom in Indo-China. The Viet Nam government believed in the promises of the Atlantic Charter, but Indo-China lost its hoped-for independence. Miss Palmer writes, "We correspondents at Hanoi might have changed things, I think. We knew the facts. But we couldn't get the story out in time to save a little country's freedom."

The final story also concerns the Atlantic Charter. John A. Parris, Jr., summarizes most effectively the successive steps initiated by the Charter culminating in the United Nations and the "gloves-off diplomacy" at Lake Success. The members of the Overseas Press Club are doing their utmost in this book and in their daily labors to dispel ignorance about international affairs and to create a well-informed public opinion that can prevent injustice.

What went on among assorted peoples and what happened to various groups and individuals in the parade of recent history is told between the story of a failure and the cautious optimism of the concluding article. Richard Tregaskis writes lightheartedly of his own parachute jump and Ruth Cowan describes the tribulations of a chemical blonde in the theatre of operations. Henry J. Taylor tells General Patton's version of the slapping incidents. William Zukerman cites evidence to prove that in Europe today anti-Semitism is on the wane.

Of course the atomic bomb is not overlooked. W. W. Chaplin wrote the neat little parable "A Ribbon for the Gorgon's Locke" because "the danger I see is that of the bomb's destroying us spiritually, merely by its existence, before we can ever do anything constructive with the power it represents. It was to show how that sinister power works to warp otherwise normal minds that I wrote this story as fair warning." Bob Considine's contribution to the history of the first atomic test is a sardonic now-it-can-be-told story.

Edgar Snow on "Oil and the King of Arabia," Irene Kuhn's story of the execution of the captured Doolittle fliers, Helen Hiett's report on the return of Russians to the Soviet are more of the excellent articles that add significance to this unusual collection. It is difficult to omit flowers for any one of the group whose literary efforts in this case will not add to their personal troubles with the tax collectors. The royalties go to the Overseas Press Club and its Correspondents' Fund. It is a first-rate book in a good cause.

The United States Army awarded Brig. Gen. Donald Armstrong the Distinguished Service Medal, and both the Army and Navy gave him the Legion of Merit during World War II. He also holds the French Legion of Honor. Now General Armstrong is professorial lecturer in classics at George Washington University.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Rustum, in "Sohrab and Rustum," by Matthew Arnold. 2. Stephen Sorrell, in "Sorrell and Son," by Warwick Deeping. 3. Mr. Paul Dombey, in "Dombey and Son," by Charles Dickens. 4. Richard Feverel, in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," by George Meredith. 5. "William Tell," by Johann von Schiller. 6. "Hamlet," by Shakespeare. 7. "Oedipus Rex," by Sophocles. 8. Mr. Shandy, in "Tristram Shandy," by Lawrence Sterne. 9. George Osborne, in "Vanity Fair," by William M. Thackeray. 10. "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain.

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*Have you read ALEXANDER I OF RUSSIA by Leonid Strakhovsky. Illus. $3.50

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Mama's Boy

THE LONG WING. By Elizabeth Fenwick. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1947. 246 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

EVER since Sidney Howard wrote his play on the destructive mother called "The Silver Cord," the theme has practically belonged to him, and borne his descriptive tag. But that was twenty years ago, and there are contemporary footnotes to be added. Philip Wylie is belaboring "Mom" with less euphonious epithets; Elizabeth Fenwick has worked out a symbolism of her own with thoroughness and, I think, considerable effect, in a brilliant little novel. If you wanted the plot of it in one sentence, it would run something like this: A man returns to his mother's house for a two-weeks' visit and doesn't get away again. This will seem, in its oversimplification, either incredible or horrible; there is an induced vision of the maternal home as a carnivorous plant closing upon its victim. The vision is accurate in essence, yet it is bare of all the subtlety and shading and overtone, the flesh upon the bone, which can enlarge such a stark and, after all, symbolic vision to its fulness of realization. This is the kind of book which urges upon us once again the proposition that plot is almost nothing, treatment almost everything.

Somewhere well along toward the middle of the story Miss Fenwick states her theme, in its best terms:

> "What would you say to an even more specialized bird? A bird that cared less about flying than it did about walking? A *brooding* bird with wings a hundred times larger than its body . . . developed for the sole purpose of nailing down whatever eggs and worms and bits of glass those wings can cover—?"
>
> "I don't believe it," said Nora, smiling.
>
> "Then wait a while. Soon you'll begin to notice how warm and dark it is here, and how little feathers get up your nose if you breathe too deeply—"

Nora Macloud is the man's daughter. She is the innocent bystander who watches, incredulous and weakly struggling and finally cut off, as the long wing of the brooding bird closes down upon her father. We see it through her, we see it through her father Malcolm, and through Malcolm's sister Edwina, who has remained at home all her life, spiritually crippled under the wing.

At the end old Mrs. Macloud makes an exchange and permits Nora to carry Edwina off, leaving Malcolm the preferred one with her in the house. This is the climax, acted out at last in open warfare; but up to this very point the drama is performed deep beneath the surface, in the darkness of consciousness, in the tactical maneuvers of the little affairs of the day: the placing of a chair or the shutting of a door, the bringing forth of a picture, a telephone conversation, a family dinner. The hot St. Louis days pass, the two weeks stretch to three months, and the horrid miracle is passed. Miss Fenwick has gotten everything out of it, with the sure, bare touch of understatement. It seems to me an excellent and beautiful treatment of a demanding subject.

Pro-Gandhi

THE DOVE FOUND NO REST. By Dennis Gray Stoll. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 307 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

CERTAINLY humor is about the last thing to expect from a novel about present-day India. The double veil of what political sympathies we feel, at this juncture, in our necessarily unsteady approach to the age-old Indian enigma, and the mystery Mother India herself has remained to the Western world, keeps most of us unduly solemn and dislodges all humor. Now Mr. Stoll, a young man gifted, so his publishers tell us, both as a writer and a musician, offers a book about South Indian Hindu peasants the humorous pages of which are nearly good enough to gloss over the rest of his novel, which is bad.

He tells of the adventures of a family which, after the outbreak of Anglo-Japanese hostilities, is forced by the Defense-of-India Act to leave its happy primitive abode. First the evacuees, from grandfather down to baby, come to stay with a provincial government official—a mean native aping his British masters—but soon are turned out by him, and onto the road to the city. As it happens, one of the young men of the village has gone to the city some time before, becomes a policeman and a "Jesus-Messiah man," too; and his village betrothed has followed him there upon his request—an unheard-of breach of conventions. More unheard-of things are in store for the lot.

About the first third, then, of Mr. Stoll's novel, describing with appro-

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priate ease and excellent writing the idyllic life of the "little red village" of toddy-tappers, potters, money-lenders, idlers, and divines, furnishes a great deal of truly pleasurable reading. Equally gratifying, if in a less simple and less subtle manner, is the account of the clash between the religion-bound, superstitious rural standards of the arrivals and the complexity of the "big white city." Mistaking a movie theatre for a poor-house, the group stumbles into a performance of "Gone with the Wind" —which, naturally, leads to a series of hilarious scenes, including the re-encounter of the family with their semi-Westernized policeman fellow-villager. Their subsequent change from peasants to factory hands is well described.

From there on the author goes in for heavier stuff. The result is a rather emotional pro-Gandhi novel which presents the usual specimens of partly callous, partly asinine Britishers complete with their native henchmen of both creeds, an assorted handful of "emancipated" Indians and Eurasians, a ridiculous brown-skinned communist, an Oxford-bred Congress worker, and one high-minded, *sarong*-clad English spinster. There are also a few glimpses of Gandhi. The story still has some very readable passages, but its merits are drowned in a sea of editorializing. Most of the figures of the tale are lost sight of at the end. The impressive description of the semi-religious, semi-political riot of the starving populace, the obvious climax of the home can no longer save the day for it.

EUROPE'S BATTERED MUSE

(*Continued from page* 11)

about him. Weil spent nearly two years in Soviet Asia, Buchara, and Turkestan before the war. This novel is the fruit of his study.

Weil is one of the few Czech Jews who survived the Nazi persecution. He spent all the years of German occupation in hiding under a false name, after his friends officially announced his suicide. Talking to him in his editorial office, I was once more impressed by the vitality and self-confidence with which the few surviving Jews of Europe are starting life anew in spite of all the horrors they have experienced. Like all the others, Weil has lost most of his relatives in the gas chambers of the extermination camps. "They were barbaric, yes, but perhaps their madness was still more horrible."

And he told the story of the hunt the Nazis staged in Czechoslovakia against the pet animals of the Jews; cats, dogs, canaries, and parrots belonging to Jews were immediately killed, since they were regarded as Jewish animals. "But what about the animals in the homes of mixed marriages?" I asked. The Nazis organized a special commission and set up special offices to deal with this "problem."

> There was the case of a certain Dr. Brill [he said]. He was married to a so-called Aryan woman from Frankfort. His wife had brought a parrot with her from Germany. She was called to the Gestapo and asked by the head of this particular department, a certain Burger, whether the bird should be regarded as Aryan or Jewish. Aryan, she insisted, since the parrot had lived most of its life in a strictly Aryan surrounding in Germany. Nothing doing. Its Aryan upbringing saved the parrot from death, but since the Prague household was contaminated by the Jewish husband, it could not be regarded as a fit place for an Aryan bird and the parrot had to be sent back to Mrs. Brill's sister in Frankfort. And off the parrot went—by plane! Herr Burger gave the necessary permit for this travel. He was kind to animals, provided they were Aryans.

A young woman was present at our conversation, a noted translator. She, too, is the only survivor of her entire family.

> To me the most horrible aspect of the Nazis [she said] was their external appearance as normal human beings. They spoke, they walked, they laughed, and talked like any other humans and suddenly, without any transition, the police official who may have just discussed the merits of yesterday's performance at the Opera House over the telephone would turn around to a Jew whom he had summoned and would start driving a nail into his head because he did not want to talk. I was there—I have been imprisoned because I listened to foreign broadcasts—and I and dozens of others witnessed this horrible scene, helpless, unable to move. Today, I think I have dreamed it. I, myself, cannot believe that it happened. And it happened every day!

Maybe it is not only the preoccupation with the political and economic reconstruction of their country that keeps the Czech writers from producing the significant novel or play that would be more than a factual report of what happened. Maybe those men and women are not as healthy and balanced as they appear to be when

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Gide's

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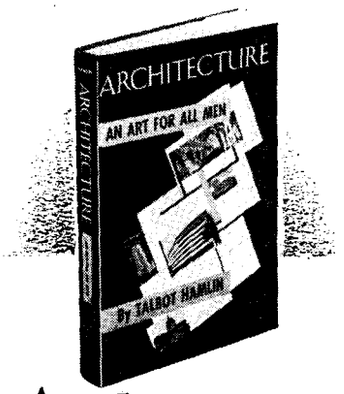

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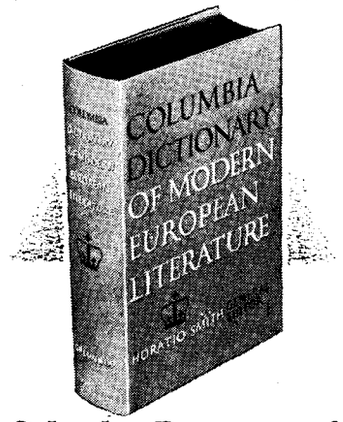

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you look at them. They have recovered from their wounds — those who survived—but their minds and souls carry some hidden scars. They still live, so to speak, in a twilight of nightmarish memories, and it will take many years until they will gain a clearer vision, a normal perspective, a stable basis from which to look at life and at the world. This is not only true of Czech writers, it can be also said of all of Europe.

Poland

THE new Poland doesn't speak with a Russian accent, neither does she speak with a revolutionary or communistic accent. It is practically impossible to discover any Russian influence in the present Polish literature or on the Polish stage.

There are no Stalin pictures, no Soviet publications displayed prominently in Warsaw's book stores as in Paris; the "feuilleton," the literary supplements of the Polish press, devote far more space to French and American authors than to Russian, at the same time eagerly promoting everything Polish, especially the younger Polish writers.

A significant illustration of this general feeling: In America Wanda Wasilewska, the author of "Rainbow," was introduced as the most prominent representative of the new Polish literature, whereas in Poland she is not considered so. To be sure, her book was a big success, but even the extreme leftist writers mention half a dozen other authors and books when asked about present Polish literature. Wanda Wasilewska has become a Soviet citizen and that doesn't help her popularity.

As in all countries of Europe the horrors of Nazi concentration camps and the struggle of the Resistance is the main theme of Polish literature of today. Everywhere—including America—the factual reports, the diaries and memoirs of journalists, soldiers, and ex-prisoners are of higher literary quality than the work of the novelists.

A leading publisher, himself a known writer, Alexander Chwat, said to me:

> The time has not yet come to fictionalize the terrible experiences of the past decade. Take two of the most successful books dealing with that subject: "Smoke over Birkenau," by Szmaglewska, is a cold factual report of the horrors of that camp; the author is, so to speak, non-existent. The impact of this story is terrific. On the other hand, there is "Night," by J. Andrejewski. In three novelettes the author has attempted to fictionalize his experiences. It is the best book of its kind, especially the third novelette, "Easter," which deals with the uprising of the Warsaw Ghetto. It is masterfully written and yet one feels that, with so tremendous and grave an event still so fresh in our memory, no author can yet live up to it in any literary presentation."

In this novelette the author describes the plight of a Jewish woman who has escaped from the burning ghetto and is frantically trying to find a hiding place for herself. Most of the people she approaches are too frightened to help and turn her away. Others want to help, but a terrible fate intervenes—the helpers are, one by one, arrested or killed. The Jewish woman brings disaster to everyone. She is doomed and disappears into the night. And the ghetto burns.

Here an attempt is made to tell the Polish people of the guilt which the gentile world shares through intolerance and cowardice in the horrifying destruction of the Jews. It is significant that lately the same theme recurs

—From "Remember," by Frans Masereel.

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in many books written by Polish Catholic authors.

A third book, "Bodensee," by Dygat, shows the influence of the French existentialists. It is pessimistic, hopeless, and bitter. Otherwise, existentialism has not made any headway in Poland in spite of the fact that the French influence in Polish literature today is as strong as in the past.

Among other successful novels of literary merit one must mention "The Walls of Jericho," by Thadeusz Breza, and "Warsaw, the Unconquered City," by Kazimir Brandes, one of the most promising young authors.

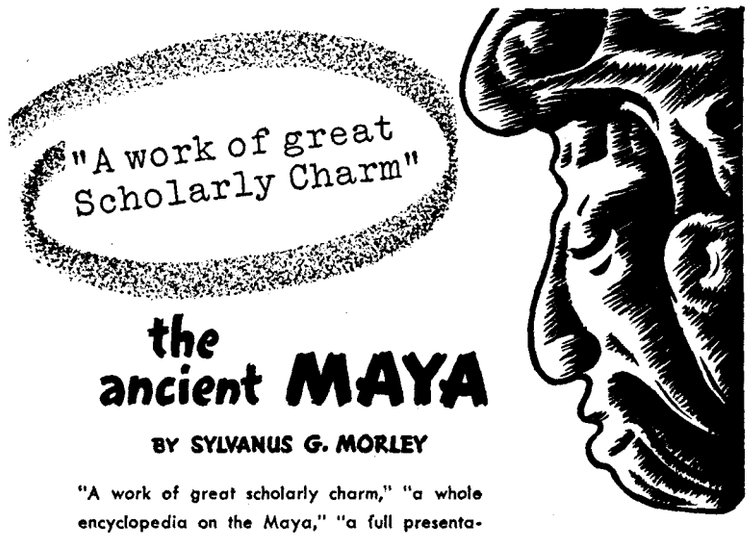
While Warsaw was the literary and spiritual center of Poland before the war, today Lodz and Cracow have taken her place.

Lodz is the center of a group of left-wing writers who publish a literary weekly called *Forge*. In the majority, they are Communists or fellow-travelers, but their work has nothing in common with the "proletarian literature" or the "social realism" of the Russians. It is very esthetic, more concerned with form than with content, very intellectual. After all, the mass of the Polish people, the peasants, have not yet become a reading public. It will take a long time before they will reach a higher standard of living; they have been kept in poverty and ignorance too long and the Polish intelligentsia has always lived a life of its own. It is mainly to the decimated remnants of the Polish intellectual class that the authors address themselves.

The contributors to *Forge*, young, forceful Marxists, strong believers in communism, have not yet accepted spiritual regimentation. During the last few months a discussion has been going on in *Forge* which could not happen in the Soviet Union. These writers freely discuss the form and methods of the present-day novel, Proust, Joyce, and Kafka; they do not follow any party line—at least, not in their writings.

The Cracow group publishes a magazine *Renaissance*. Its most prominent spokesman, Przybos, also a Communist, deputy to the Diet, looks upon himself as a revolutionary poet and leader of a new school in poetry. In fact, he is an avant-gardist whose poems only a very few chosen connoisseurs of poetry can understand. Everybody agrees that Przybos is a very gifted poet, but most consider his writings too difficult and even snobbish. A well-known literary critic said to me, "Majakowsky was a conservative in comparison to him." For a revolutionary and Communist, Mr. Przybos appears to me rather esoteric and bourgeois.

The Cracow group is of special in-



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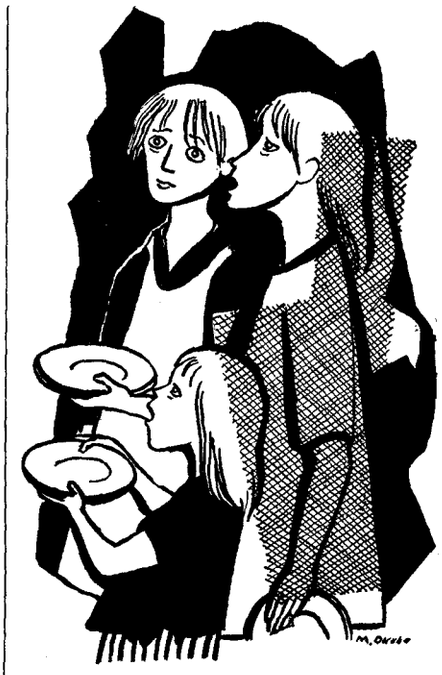

terest because for the first time we find here, side by side with the Communist Przybos, authors of a new Catholic tendency. It is surprising to note that Poland, one of the most Catholic countries in the world, has never produced a Mauriac, a Chesterton, or a Maritain. The Polish Catholicism has always been bigoted, sterile, and anti-intellectual. That seems to have changed. Cracow has lately become a center of this Neo-Catholicism whose ideals and tendencies resemble the thinking of the progressive Catholic anti-Marxian movement of France and Italy.

AS all over the world, the general interest in literature is steadily growing. While the average sale of a book was 3,000 to 5,000 copies before the war, today the publishers print a first edition of at least 10,000 to 15,000 copies and in most cases are sure to sell more.

"Poland has never read so much as during the German occupation. One learned to read when hiding from the Gestapo in cellars and bunkers. Those who survived can truly say that they had passed a special course in literature during that period," Mr. Chwat said to me.

There is a state publishing house which intends to publish classics and other important works whose popular appeal cannot be taken for granted. Then there are the major political parties which also have their publishing houses, and finally there are two cooperatives, the most important of which is Czytelnik, which publishes all the publications of the four-party Government "bloc." Yet even prominent followers and sympathizers of Mikolajeczic's Peasant Party also have their books published by Czytelnik. Among its publications, a popular scientific magazine and an illustrated weekly have the widest appeal.

There is censorship in Poland, but it seems not too strict and rather liberal as far as books go. The Government is anxious to gain the support of authors and artists and singles them out for special favors and honors. As in Russia, the writers belong to Poland's highest paid and best-cared-for group. In Lodz three entire apartment houses—the most modern buildings in town—are reserved for the use of writers and artists. The rent is nominal and they also receive food and even material for clothes at a specially low price.

This policy had the desired results. Even those few authors who are not in the government camp have a rather friendly attitude toward it, and the Government proudly stresses the fact that the opposition doesn't count a single prominent author in its ranks.

As far as the drama is concerned, the contemporary authors have not produced a single important or even promising work. A few plays have been published which prove the poetic imagination, the sincere feeling, and creative power of their authors, but unfortunately these young dramatists have not yet learned to master the rules of stagecraft, their work being more appealing in book form.

And yet an evening in the Warsaw National Theatre was one of the highlights and great experiences of my European tour. Among the dreadful ruins of this terribly devastated city the theatre has been completely rebuilt. It is in every little detail—color, interior decoration, lighting—an exact copy of what it was before: an island of beauty and nobility in this nightmarish cold and dark jungle of ruins and rubble.

"The Cracowians and the Mountaineers" was the title of the play. It was written more than 150 years ago, a very simple and touchingly naïve folk tale about the wild and arrogant mountaineers and the peaceful peasants of Cracow. There is the daughter of a miller who is engaged to a local peasant boy, but the chief of the mountaineers wants her and descends upon the town with his followers. Enraged at her refusal of his suit, he pledges vengeance. The peasants chase them out.

The play, rich in local color and old popular tunes, holds the same place in Polish literature as the "Marriage of Figaro" in the French theatre. Here too the love story and the plot are merely a cover for the dramatization of the real conflict—the struggle against the oppressors. Writing in the shadow of Poland's partition and un-

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able to defy the Czar openly, the author chose to use this little parable to dramatize the longing for national freedom and the rebellious sentiments of his contemporaries.

R. Schiller, for twenty years now the acknowledged master of the Polish stage and one of the few truly original directors of our contemporary theatre, presented a wonderful performance: the costumes are beautiful, the colors and the scenic designs of great charm, the dances fascinating, the songs very engaging. Blending these elements skilfully together, Schiller gives the play all the flavor of an old folk poem. He does not stress the revolutionary tendencies, and yet the audience reacted to it, as if it were written by a modern Polish playwright. When the peasants marched off with their sickles and scythes to repel the mountaineers it was as if an electric shock had struck the audience; the song of liberty brought the house down. National independence is not an empty word in Poland—that should be understood by those who see Poland becoming a Soviet colony.

DURING the intermission, I had a short talk with Mr. Schiller and his collaborators and once more I was greatly touched by the hunger of the European writers and artists for foreign books and foreign plays. All over Europe, the intellectuals suffer from their terrible isolation. For ten years they have lived as in a prison, shut off from the outside world, and the walls have not yet been torn down.

Foreign books are expensive and practically impossible to get, since Poland has a very limited dollar fund which must be used for the import of raw materials, machines, and other consumer goods. How can you acquire the rights to a foreign play if you can pay royalties only in devaluated zloties?

We use big words about the importance of spiritual cooperation, we complain about the Soviet influence, but when we really have a chance to promote our ideals, to show the people of Europe that Americanism means more than dollars, cars, and homesick, black-marketeering GI's—what are we doing?

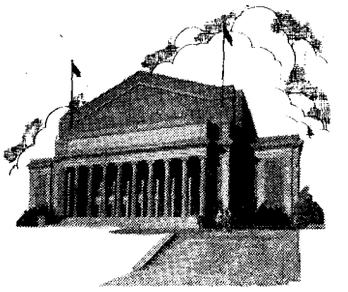
Our Government is suspected of all kinds of Machiavellian designs whenever it suggests concrete steps for strengthening our cultural relationship with Europe—"No propaganda!"

Therefore, why not have our authors and playwrights do individually—through their professional organizations—what Governmental institutions are not able, or not willing, to do? Even if every writer would contribute only five copies of his latest book, or if our successful playwrights would be willing to accept temporarily their royalty payments in blocked foreign currency—it would at least be a promising beginning. We have all kinds of appeals for food and clothing—as important as those are, the hunger of the spirit is often even more painful for a writer, an artist, an intellectual. How painful it is, I realized standing on the stage of Warsaw's theatre among those poorly dressed men, all of whom showed, in their lean and lined faces, the marks of the hard and difficult times they had lived through.

The Polish people are eager and anxious to hear our voice, to read our books, to see our plays. I was bombarded from all sides with questions about Wilder and Hemingway, Elmer Rice and Steinbeck. American literature rates higher than any other contemporary writing. The second place is reserved for the former German anti-Nazi authors who, nearly forgotten in Germany, are in Poland as in Czechoslovakia still very popular. In the concentration camps and underground during the German domination the Polish progressive and liberal intelligentsia found solace and comfort in the works of those men who had, from the beginning, opposed Hitler in his own Reich. Most of these writers are today living and working in America.

We have, in Poland, a wonderful opportunity to gain a bloodless and all the more important victory for our ideals. Yet it seems "democracy in action" is more concerned with putting the blame for all evils on the other fellow, to curse and grumble and to retreat into a new kind of isolationism, fully satisfied with its own superiority. A few more years of this attitude and our prestige—"this reservoir of good will," as Willkie called it—will be lost.

Will the Soviets be responsible for this, too?



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NOTES FOR APRIL

THE ladies' hats this spring are very high. They look as though bits of the Flower Show at the Grand Central Palace had decided to go out for a walk. Skirts are definitely longer. There is a new baby seal in the Central Park Zoo who, on sunny days, is completely surrounded by an admiring group of men, women, and children. Is he, by any chance a cousin of Oley's? The Radio City Plaza, fragrant with lilies, is more crowded than ever, and the midtown East Side is lively with preparations for making Manhattan the home of the United Nations. Spring books are exciting. They give one an optimistic feeling about creative writing and illustrating for boys and girls.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

For Little Children

PANCAKES-PARIS. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Illustrated by Georges Schreiber. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 63 *pp.* $2.

IT was an American soldier who gave Charles a box of pancake flour with a picture, very familiar to Americans, on the cover. Charles, who lived in the Paris of today, could not read the directions. But it was important that he should because pancakes are the traditional dish in France for the week before Lent. More than that, Charles and his mother and little sister seldom had quite enough to eat. So Charles took his package of flour to the American Embassy and there a kind young secretary had the directions translated for him. Alone at home he began very carefully to follow the directions only to find that there was no fat of any kind to fry the pancakes in. Then the American soldier appeared with a comrade and an armful of good things. It was a very gay and happy party that finally ate the pancakes. Mrs. Bishop's story is rich with her knowledge of and feeling for post-war France. In spite of its background of poverty and sadness, it is a story that has real gaiety and great courage. The drawings, printed in sepia, are realistic and informing.

OLEY: THE SEA MONSTER. By Marie Hall Ets. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 33 *pp.* $1.50.

THE author and artist of "In the Forest" tells this story in a series of black and white cartoons and a cryptic, amusing text. Oley, who is a baby seal, is picked up on a beach by a sailor and sold to a collector, then sold by the collector to a museum in Chicago. From this point on Oley and his keeper in the museum vie with one another for our attention and affection. Oley, being homesick for his mother, brings tears to our eyes, and the keeper playing tunes for him on his trumpet is even more appealing. Finally the authorities in the museum decide that Oley must be quietly put to death, but the keeper carries him to the shore of Lake Michigan and lets him go. His adventures bring headlines to the Chicago papers about a "sea monster." He finally gets back to his mother—the geography of his trip beautifully shown in a "double-page spread." The story is bound in bright rose and black and is a joy in every possible way. Children will love it and their parents will read it from cover to cover.

THE BAD LITTLE DUCK HUNTER. By Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by Clement Hurd. New York: William R. Scott. 1947. *No paging.* $1.50.

—From "The Little White Horse."

The jacket of this gay little book sums up the humorously written story. It says: "The moral is never drawn, but the theme—live and let live—is unmistakable." Children will be highly amused over the adventures of the little duck hunter who finally decides that he will be on better terms with Nature if he does not shoot at all.

HURRY! HURRY! By Edith Thacher Hurd. Illustrated by Mary Dana Shipman. New York: William R. Scott. 1947. 44 *pp.* $1.50.

Little children will find plenty to laugh at in the text and pictures of this slim book. It tells of the cumulative disasters that befell Miss Smith, whose error was in hurrying herself and her charge from morning to night, paying no heed to the timely warning of trouble ahead.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE. By Kay Avery. Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1947. 33 *pp.* $1.50.

Ellen lived in "the real country" and, one winter morning, her grandfather made for her a willow whistle. This is an attractive book with drawings in color and large, clear type.

DOT FOR SHORT. By Frieda Friedman. Illustrated by Carolyn Hayward. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1947. 207 *pp.* $2.

Dot was small for her age and resented it because both of her sisters were tall and fair. Mike, the younger brother, was red-headed like his father. They lived on Third Avenue in New York, where the elevated trains thundered by their windows. They had courage and humor and they loved one another. In solving the family's first big problem Dot finds that brains are more important than size. This is a good story about real people.

THE LITTLE FARM IN THE BIG CITY. Written and illustrated by Erick Berry. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 44 *pp.* $1.50.

How Abel grew corn, squash, and cabbage in the back yard, how the neighbors advised and helped him, how—when harvest-time arrived—he had his name and picture in the newspapers. The end-papers show Abel's plan for next year's garden.

TAFFY AND JOE. By Earl and Linette Burton. Drawings by Helen Stone. New York: Whittlesey House. 1947. 65 *pp.* $2.

Taffy is a dog and Joe is a monkey

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and they both have perfectly good homes and devoted masters. But Joe decides that he wants to run away and join a circus and persuades Taffy to go with him. They do join a circus and become famous. But, after a week of fame, they get very homesick. The milkman takes them back to their owners where they are joyfully welcomed and forgiven. A lively and amusing tale delightfully illustrated.

NELLIE AND THE MAYOR'S HAT. Story and Pictures by Charlotte Baker. New York: Coward-McCann. 1947. 96 *pp.* $2.

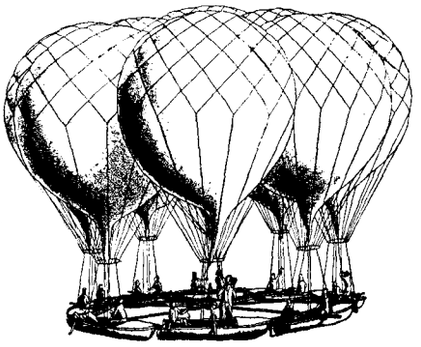
A sequel to "Necessary Nellie," this tells how Antonia, Leopoldo, Julio, Alberto, and Rosita tried to arrange an adoption for Nellie's five puppies. The mayor seemed the best prospect—but the mayor refused to take them. When Nellie rescued his hat—a gift from the mayor of Monterey—he changed his mind. A jolly story filled with dogs, children, parades, and local color. Many drawings as amusing as the story.

For Older Children

THE LITTLE WHITE HORSE. By Elizabeth Goudge. Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. New York: Coward-McCann. 1947. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

IN end-paper maps C. Walter Hodges draws for us the scene of this enchanting story; the old Manor House reached through a tunnel in the rock, the formal gardens and the orchard, the little church and village, and the dark pine wood that leads down to the sea. It is the estate of the Merryweather family in Devonshire one hundred years ago. To it comes Maria, last of the Merryweathers, with her governess and her snooty little dog, Wiggins. And here Maria finds her kingdom and the fascinating people and animals who inhabit it. Here is old Sir Benjamin with his flowered waistcoat, his ruby ring, and his rather fiery temper. Here is Robin, the boy who has played with Maria in her dreams. Here is lovely Lovejoy Minette, Robin's mother, and the dwarf, Marmaduke Scarlet, who is a superlative cook. Here is the Old Parson. Here are the animals; Wrolf, who although he looks like a lion acts like a very wise, loyal, and dependable dog; Zachariah, the cat, who has the wisdom of ancient Egypt; Serena the hare, and Periwinkle the pony. All of them are Maria's devoted followers in her struggle against the evil of the Black Men who live in the pine woods.

The theme of this story is as old as the fairy tales, and it is written



—From "The Twenty-one Balloons."

with a haunting beauty of wording and atmosphere. The drawings have the same quality, with the touch of humor that constantly lightens the text. It is a book to cherish, to read again and again and again.

JOHN OF AMERICA. By Loring MacKaye. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1947. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

The story of John Barebody who set out for America as an indentured servant, the only clue to his past a brooch given to him by old Mother Margaret who is accused of being a witch. The horror of the witch-hunt follows him, but he finds the satisfaction and release of hard physical labor, and gains a healthy new perspective. A story told with skill, dramatic in action, and filled with colorful and realistic characters.

JEREMY PEPPER. By Frances Rogers and Alice Beard. Illustrated by Frances Rogers. New York: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 271 *pp.* $2.

Jeremy Pepper came from England to America as an apprentice in the glass-making factory at Manheim in Pennsylvania just before the American Revolution. An exciting story, well plotted and well written.

SUMMER UNDER SAIL. By Elizabeth Howard. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1947. 213 *pp.* $2.

Clarissa Meade lived in Cleveland in 1852. Her grandfather was the captain of a Great Lakes sailing ship and she longed to sail with him—away from the conventions and restrictions of her very conventional family. She finally got her way and this is the record of that voyage on the *Samantha* in which a lost girl is restored to her family and two romances are revealed. Humor, convincing background, and attractive, interesting characters make this an unusually good story.

PAT: THE STORY OF A SEEING EYE DOG. By Colonel S. P. Meek. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 190 *pp.* $2.50.

There are two dog heroes in this story; the highly-trained war dog who saved his master's life in the Pacific, and the Seeing Eye dog who brought him in his blindness through despair to independence. Jimmy Train was a Marine. The story takes him through the scouting at Iberville, the long struggle in field and base hospitals, the training at the Seeing Eye Center to happiness in his marriage and a normal career.

AMERICA'S STAMPS. By Maud and Mishka Petersham. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 144 *pp.* $3.50.

This handsome and well-designed book is a history of American stamps from the first Government issue in 1847 to today. The stamps themselves are printed in black, the decorations and illustrations in sepia and full color. Enthusiastically indorsed by the Philatelic Foundation, it should be a welcome gift not only in the United States but all over the world.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. By Jeanette Covert Nolen. Illustrated by George Avison. New York: Julian Messner. 1947. 209 *pp.* $2.50.

An excellent biography, detailed and always interesting. Florence Nightingale's true greatness shines through it as brightly as the lamp that she carried at Scutari.

THE PAGEANT OF CHINESE HISTORY. By Elizabeth Seeger. Illustrated by Bernard Watkins. Third Edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1947. 414 *pp.* $3.50.

This admirable story of China and its people has been revised again and brought up to the end of the Second World War.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON: Builder of Civilization. By H. Gordan Garbedian. Illustrated by Robert Burns. New York: Julian Messner. 1947. 231 *pp.* $2.50.

Another good biography of the great inventor, it is written in a journalistic style and gives a careful account of Edison's many contributions to modern civilization. It also throws a pleasant light on his home and family life. There is a useful index.

JULIETTE LOW. By Mildred Mastin

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Pace. With drawings by Jane Castle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 186 *pp.* $2.

Juliette Low's life from her earliest memories in Savannah during the Civil War through the founding of the Girl Scouts to her death in 1927, just after the World Camp of Girl Scouts was held here in the United States. It is a conscientious but telescoped account of a brilliant woman with a broad vision and the will and determination to make her vision a reality.

BOYS' GUIDE TO FISHING. By K. and E. E. Morton. New York: Greenberg. 1947. 96 *pp.* $2.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton have written a guide to fishing that is so practical and so filled with enthusiasm that it will make a fisherman out of almost anyone—young or old. In text and drawings it covers the waters, fresh and salt, in and around North America. Clear directions for bait, tackle, and all the necessary equipment are given with a due regard for economy! Take it—and good luck to you!

For Everyone

RHYMES AND VERSES: Collected Poems for Children. By Walter de la Mare. With drawings by Eleanor Blaisdell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 344 *pp.* $3.

For the first time, all of Walter de la Mare's poems for children appear in one volume. There are nine divisions, and a first-line and title index. Every household should still have individual volumes, like "Peacock Pie," with the Lovat Fraser illustrations, and "Bells and Grass." But in this well-designed and thoughtfully edited book is a feast that the whole family can share, rich in meaning and in beauty, and fitting into every mood.

WRITING FOR CHILDREN. By Erick Berry and Herbert Best. Illustrated by Erick Berry. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 202 *pp.* $2.50.

A good, practical handbook by two successful authors of books for children. By a humorous, commonsense approach which precludes the aspiring author from taking himself too seriously, it makes entertaining reading and, at the same time, gives a clear analysis of the art of writing fiction. It stresses necessary rules and offers helpful suggestions. An attractive-looking book with humorous black and white drawings.

THE TWENTY-ONE BALLOONS. Written and illustrated by William Pène Du Bois. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 180 *pp.* $2.50.

The extraordinary story, half fact, half fantasy, of Professor William Waterman Sherman who started out to cross the Pacific in a balloon on August 15, 1883, and landed finally in the Atlantic tangled in the wreckage of *twenty* balloons. It is possible to read it, including its account of the amazing civilization he found on the Island of Krakatoa, as a scientific record, just as we have read for two generations the stories of Jules Verne. There is, however, a twinkling humor underneath every word of the story that leaves the reader wondering. In format and design it is one of the most distinguished books of the war and post-war years. The drawings are in keeping with the period and show great strength and originality. An exciting book that will be claimed by every member of the family.

Afterthought

By Katharine Day Little

GOLD laid deep on gold, as in a heaven
done by Fra Angelico, where dance
angels blithe as blossoms, poised on flowers
that themselves are singing with the stars—
Of such a gold and sown as thick with bloom
would have been our day, had each but found
the other earlier—but even now
have we not still the silver, have we not
seen through the veils of rain the grape-vines' dim
shining underside, that gleams along
dull roadsides, frosted metal carved with care
and wound about the rough rain-dark stone-wall?
Have we not silver—and seen through a rift
to West in stormy cloud a pool of green,
cool apple-green that spreads and sighs and sings
a minor lyric as the sun goes down?
Have we not silver—ah, and apple-green?

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV, RUSSIAN EASTER OVERTURE. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy. Columbia X 276 (2) $3.	Beautiful material for high fidelity and this is it—the new rounder toned Columbia recording with fuller bass. Try the last side!	A	Musically a pot-boiler though an ultra brilliant one. Reproduction is what counts here.
DVORAK, 'CELLO CONCERTO IN B MINOR. Phila. Orch., Ormandy. Piatigorsky. Columbia M 658 (5) $6.	Again one of the new bigger, fuller jobs. wonderful orch. Cello is surprisingly unobtrusive—good balance for this music.	A	Long, rambling, sweet, and melodic, another "New World." Fine, sonorous listening, if not too important.
STRAUSS, DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION. Phila. Orchestra, Ormandy. Columbia M 613 (3) $4.	This sounds like slightly earlier job than above. Fine but not quite as full and round, less bass.	A	Somewhat lighter, more transparent reading than usual on records; less monumental.
SIBELIUS, SYMPHONY #4. New York Philharmonic, Rodzinski. Columbia M 665 (4) $5.	Fine recording, not quite equal of recent Gayne ballet suite, nor of "Russian Easter." Beats all older recordings of this music.	A to A—	A Sibelius come-back—straightforward reading of probably best of his works. Old Stokowski version (VM 160) musically more effective.

THE HIDDEN SPONSOR

TWO books on records, one published a few months back, the other just out, bring up a point of publishing ethics and record company policy that seems to me well worth a considered review, quite aside from the value of the books in question. Both volumes are put out by reputable publishers. Both are ostensibly impartial guides to music on records. There is not the slightest indication on the covers, title pages, or in the introductory material of either book that a major record company has had a large finger in the pie.

It is therefore disquieting and to me irritating to find on closer inspection that in the case of Syd Skolsky's "Make Way for Music"* every record mentioned in the book is a Columbia, and that in John Hallstrom's just published "Relax and Listen,"** though I cannot find the word Victor printed even once in the whole volume, strangely enough every record in the entire sixty-six pages of listings turns out to be from the Victor catalogue. Apparently neither company has any qualms about this variety of publishing; both have freely publicized the respective volumes through their regular channels, and one of the books was even sent to me with the compliments of the company's director of public relations!

There is no reason on earth of course why a record company shouldn't openly sponsor a book dealing with records. There are already numerous works of the sort, such as the well-known Victor books of the opera, symphony, and so on. But I am sure many will agree with me—and the record companies should know—that this new kind of unannounced sponsorship raises a serious question involving, if you wish, the whole meaning of genuinely free critical opinion. Possibly it is too much to put it on that high plane, but the fact remains that any book which is sold as, and looks like, an impartial guide to recorded music should feature impartially the records of all companies. Unless of course the author is honestly convinced that only the product of one company is worth mentioning! In which case I'll say, as usual, *caveat emptor*.

May I suggest therefore to both Victor and Columbia that a greater number of intelligent readers than they may think will heartily resent these two volumes, and all others of the sort?

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

* *MAKE WAY FOR MUSIC. By Syd Skolsky. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1946. 337 pp. $3.50.*

** *RELAX AND LISTEN. How to Enjoy Music Through Records. By John Hallstrom. New York: Rhinehart & Co., Inc. 1947. 272 pp. $2.50.*

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the Phoenix Nest

THE SAND BOX

HE SAW the neighbor's children had discovered
The old sand box. He watched them from the porch.
Minutes went by, and soon he did not see
These later children, but his own three boys,
Heaping a fortress of the shining sand,
Or scooping out a ditch to keep at bay
The so-real just-imagined enemy.

Then, in Pacific seas, one son helped keep
A tropic sandy beach a strong defense,
While two on European fronts of war
Held foes at bay from trenches deep in mud,
Not sand, as were the play-ones yesteryear.

The father lost himself in half-sad thought,
Rousing up presently to hear the words
Of one small neighbor child: "I'm tired of this!
Jim, let's not play the war-game any more."

Thinking of absent soldier sons, he mused,
"A blessèd thing if some day we could say,
'Jim, let's not play the war-game any more,'
And really mean it. Seems we ought to try.
The World is sort of like a sand box now,
You come to think of it. In that small place
We ought to know the safest game is Peace."

KATHRYN WRIGHT.

* * *

Frank L. Baer of 4513 Brandywine St., N. W., Washington, D. C., opines:

> Although P. Schuyler Miller did not mention the fact, August Derleth of Arkham House has picked up the Lovecraft mythology in a number of recent magazine pieces and seems to be doing rather well by the "older gods" of fantasy fame. Derleth, by the way, deserves thanks for creating the Arkham menage. He is plugging for fantasy in grand style. Yet, one wonders if he is wise in publishing the works of so many of his old "Weird Tales" pals—the late Robert Howard, for example. I am inclined to have reservations. On the other hand, Derleth is doing something, at long last, to awaken interest in A. E. Coppard and Matthew Phipps Shiel (he died a few weeks ago in his eighty-first year) and fantasy readers should bow to his good taste. Shiel, I recall, was discovered long ago by Carl Van Vechten, who wrote a preface to "The Lord of the Sea" which Knopf brought out. Later, Vanguard reissued "Cold Steel," one of the best of Shiel's wild romances. Why it failed to win a large audience and pile up better-than-average sales I know not. And that reminds me that the general reader seems to shy away from even the best of the fantastic pieces. Even Abraham Merritt ("Burn, Witch, Burn"—"Creep Shadow"—"The Moon Pool") enjoyed only a limited reading public. Serious fantasy just fails to catch on while fantasy on the comedic plane (à la Thorne Smith) does a land-office business. Take the case of the unmatchable Eric Rucker Eddison, who can write as no other man on God's globe: He did "The Worm Ouroboros" more than twenty years ago and it got nowhere. After a lapse of years came "Mistress of Mistresses" and "A Fish Dinner in Memison." "The Worm" is now a collectors' item—if it can be obtained. The other books are out of print, I believe. Only a few of us remember with James Stephens that "Mr. Eddison is a vast man. He needed a whole cosmos to play in, and created one; and he forged a prose to tell of it that is as gigantic as his tale" ("The Worm Ouroboros"). Between the publication of the last Eddison volume, "A Fish Dinner in Memison," and the present hour Eddison has been silent. During these years no writer has appeared in the realm of the fantastic to equal him—in fact, only a few writers of fantasy of any acceptable quality have emerged. One, Peter de Mendelssohn, did appear in 1943 with "Fortress in the Skies," a thoroughly enchanting novel which Doubleday produced. Orville Prescott of *The New York Times* thrust it aside while the *Herald-Tribune* praised it. It deserved praise. Since that year only Henry Fitzgerald Heard (Gerald Heard or H. F. Heard) ranks tops, chiefly because of the stories in the small tome "The Great Fog" and the more recent full novel "Dopplegangers."

* * *

Returns on "the *coldest* line in English poetry" have been as follows: Several correspondents have thought other lines from "The Eve of St. Agnes" just as frigid. Mrs. Edward Anderson White of Philadelphia, for instance, thinks the line-and-a-half preceding the one chosen by Miss Patricia MacGill (who started all this!) is equally chilly:

—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.

(And that latter line, by the way, is my own candidate!) Robert Hammond Murray of The Military Service Publishing Company at Harrisburg, Pa., nominates the same. Inez M. Cavert (it's a little hard to read her writing!) of this city takes still another line from "The Eve of St. Agnes" as seeming colder to her: "The sculptured dead, on each side seemed to freeze," and says a good runner-up is from "Dauber" by John Masefield:

—soul, body, brain
Knew nothing but the wind, the cold, the pain.

L. G. Woodberry of Beverly, Mass., (Any relation of George Edward Woodberry's?) submits, from "The Mistress of Vision," by Francis Thompson, (a poem I think fit to rank for magic with the best of Coleridge:

There is a peak on Himalay,
And on the peak undeluged snow,
And on the snow not eagles stray.

Frances Wells (again trouble with the chirography) of New York City suggests, from "The Fearful Tragedy of Ice-Peter," by Wilhelm Busch (1868):

Imagine if it did or did not freeze—
The very rooks dropped frozen from the trees.

Nathan G. Burgster of Redondo Beach, Calif., "gives" with this, from James Russell Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal":

A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun.

Helen Ochsenhirt of Pittsburgh thinks Shakespeare's song from Act V of "Love's Labor's Lost" contains the coldest lines:

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
etc., etc.

As to "coughing drowns the parson's saw," she remarks, "Ever listen to the chorus of coughs from New York or Boston when the orchestra makes its pause after the first movement of the symphony?" She thinks "And Marian's nose looks red and raw" also does it, in detail. She also mentions the prelude to the second part of "Sir Launfal." As for Lambert Fairchild, he quippily nominates Lovelace's "I could not love thee, Dear, so much,/ Loved I not honor more," because he thinks it a cold slap at Lucasta, and, "considering the surplusage of women, my candidate should win." In conclusion, I thank Alice Gray Woodall of Boston for her own poem, in this connection, called "Winter Silence," and only wish I had room to print it.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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BOOKMAN: 35, wishes to enter retail book selling profession, seeks instruction in mechanics of bookshop operation, would donate Saturdays to any enterprise offering informational returns. Box 337-T.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

STUDENT, VET, desires correspondence from gals fond of unhibited adventure. Box 347-T.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. Jene Stern, 347 Madison Avenue. New York, MU 4-0087.

BOOKS—Used, Rare and Out of Print. Millions in stock. Send lists or mention interests. American Antiquarian Booksellers, 529 South Melville, Philadelphia 43.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut, quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD-WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

PSYCHOLOGIST, WRITER, THIRTY, interested arts, medicine, seeks congenial girl with Manhattan apartment to share. Fifty dollars. Box 350-T.

DAM THAT NOISE! Shut out those sleep-disturbing noises—radios, party going on upstairs, auto honking and what not. Use Flents Anti-Noise Ear Stopples. Jeepers—are they good for sleeprs since 1927! Trial Box 25¢. Flents Products Co., Inc., 103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

CULTURED GENTLEMAN desires job as valet, companion to middle-aged or elderly bachelor. Knowledge of clothes, age 35. References. Box 352-T.

MATURE BUSINESS WOMAN, refined, educated easy going, and with a sense of humor invites congenial male correspondence. Box 353-T.

SUMMERING IN NEW YORK? Publisher's modest but comfortable brownstone duplex upper East Side near Park furnished "as is," June through September, $600. Large living room, double bedroom, bath, small terrace; upstairs kitchen and sunny dining room which could be second bedroom, with extra lavatory. Owner keeping two small rooms for overnight use. Box 354-T.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on individual gummed labels 300 for $1. Box 979-K.

CHINESE WATERCOLOR BRUSHES, prewar quality, tops included, $1.00 each; 4 for $3.00, assorted. Box 336-T.

WANTED: "Testimony of the Suns," by George Sterling. W. R. Mallock's translation of "Lucretius on Life & Death." State price. Walter Breen, Glenwood, Iowa.

VETERAN, MARRIED, Ph.D. candidate University Chicago wants moderate-sized, moderate-priced apartment Chicago. Box 355-T.

TEAS TO TEMPT YOUR TASTE. Please your Palate! Fine Darjeeling—$1.55; Fancy Flowery Ceylon—$1.95; Rich Assam—$1.90; Winey Russian Style $1.85; Green Pan-Fired Japan—$1.30. Trial pound-packages sent postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

WILL COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR or graduate student write young woman teacher, prospective graduate student. Box 356-T.

MY LIABILITY YOUR ASSET. Young man, experienced in editorial, publishing, advertising, technical writing, obligated to spend certain day hours at home in Los Angeles. Wants contact, production, or ?? work. College and cultural background, good appearance, car, 15 years in L. A., Box 357-T.

ARTISTIC FAMILY wants summer rental. Six bedrooms, two baths, in one or two houses near swimming, within sixty miles New York. Box 358-T.

BOOKSHELVES BLOATED? Are your shelves filled with books you've read once, stacked, then forgotten? Here's how to broaden your reading with different volumes. Send us books published in the last ten years, plus 40¢ per book. Any quantity to ten per mailing. By postpaid return you will receive different books, as many as you mailed us, of similar quality and subject matter (fiction, nonfiction, drama, etc.) in equivalent condition. Send books postpaid check or stamps to Booktrade, Box 164, Northend Station, Detroit 2, Mich.

NEW YORK—serious-minded young lady—college education; attractive phone personality wanted for interesting part-time (morning) phone-soliciting position, $1.00 an hour plus commission or bonus. State experience and phone number in first letter. Box 785-S.

YOUNG MAN wants place to write and live in California in exchange for work. Box 359-T.

WILL INTELLIGENT, MENTALLY MATURE gentleman correspond with versatile lady? Box 360-T.

BOOK YOU HAVE LOVED AND LOST—we can find! Moby Dick Bookshop, 630 Turner St., Allentown, Pa.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal—business assignments, representations, undertaken. Nation-wide. Officially licensed and Bonded Service. Established 1922. Reasonable. All inquiries confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

CRAFTS AND HOBBIES. Have fun creating things of beauty and utility in your leisure time. Expert instruction offered in leather craft, metal craft, jewelry, pottery, weaving, woodworking, photography and linoleum block printing. Evening classes. Visitors welcome to our studios. The American Craftsman School, 24 West 74 Street, N. Y. C. ENdicott 2-4219.

ARTIST, STYLIST, considerate, fun, can be tucked into any convenient corner. Would share someone's N.Y.C. apartment. Call Coleman, CA 5-3350 before six.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, young, capable wants summer position as hostess in resort, preferably western. Box 311-T.

MAPLE SAP is running in the Vermont woods again. Write for our prices on fancy Maple Syrup and Sugar. We make our own and pack our own. Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vermont.

WRITER, VETERAN, seeks quiet, comfortable quarters Manhattan or convenient commuting distance. Box 363-T.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY, cultured, widely traveled, competent secretary, with penchant for writing, desires position with successful writer. Box 364-T.

FABULOUS IVORY TOWER, adrift unknown meridian with somewhat talented, idealistic lass. Will thoroughly unbiased, cultured, art-loving gentleman resort to pen-compass? Box 365-T.

REFINED YOUNG WOMAN, WAR WIDOW, would like room and board, summer months, reasonable, nice quiet country home or farm estate. Likes to be useful, help with light household chores, fond of gardening. Box 366-T.

SUMMER RENTAL $500. Large camp-cottage in quiet spot on Penobscot Bay near Rockland, Maine. Modern conveniences. Box 367-T.

GOOD READING, 128-page guide to 1500 books selected by the Committee on College Reading. Each book briefly described. Arranged by period and subject. Sold at most college book stores, Barnes & Noble, or 30 cents postpaid from National Council of Teachers of English, 211 West 68 Street, Chicago 21, Illinois.

MABEL MERCER'S LATEST RECORDINGS, "Just One of Those Things," "You Are Too Beautiful," "The Cherry Tree," etc. are now available at the Book And Record Shop, 63 East 56 Street, New York 22.

RESTLESS, UNINHIBITED, much-traveled ex-flyer, a search for kindred soul via feminine correspondence. Box 368-T.

ENGLISH MAJOR'S WIDOW, 27, educated, domesticated, can drive, good appearance has two children, 8 and 6 wants companion, housekeeper receptionist position in American family. Excellent references. Box 369-T.

TWO EX-MERCHANT OFFICERS outfitting sailing boat for cruise to Tuamotus via Mediterranean. Interested in contacting two persons with spirit and leisure to accompany us. Box 340-T.

PRINTING, stationery, announcement, programs, etcetera. Write for estimate. Box 184, Crawfordsville, Indiana.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 W. 44 Street, New York 18, N. Y. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering to accredited writers, teachers and members of Equity, available Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights) Single room & bath—12, Double room & bath—$17.50. Sitting-room, bedroom & bath—$23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

SEEING EYE FOR WRITERS. Recent editorial member large New York publishing house, author of published novels and juvenile, will guide promising talent. Criticism and coaching rates reasonable. Selling aid provided. Your partial manuscript may pull contract. Box 270-T.

FRANCE SAYS "COME" and "Maps of France"—just off press—two new booklets in color. Free. Write: French National Tourist Office Box SRA, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York.

YOUNG COLLEGE COUPLE desire summer employment. Offers providing room and board preferred. Box 273-T.

INTELLIGENT WOMAN, gentle-hearted, shy, wants correspondence with congenial man. Box 137-T.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymount, an old colonial farmhouse. Good food, R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

ARTISTS! Need good English red scale brushes? Write Modern Arts and Crafts, 450 Central Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

COMPREHENSIVE ACCOUNTING SERVICE uses low cost Ellis System for busy professional people. Write for details. Box 288-T.

THE AMERICANA ENCYCLOPEDIA, c1938, and the Encyclopedia Britannica, 14th ed. c1932, for sale. How much are we offered? Box 342-T.

PHOTO ENLARGED, old picture restored, dollar. Send photo, negative. Box 343-T.

EXPERIENCED FREE-LANCE ARTIST wants part-time work doing layout, jackets, what-have-you for New York publisher or periodical. Box 341-T.

WANTED—MAN THE UNKNOWN by Alexis Carrel. Barry Stevens, Mayer, Arizona.

I AM AT HOME with a lathe, a drill press, a sewing machine and the Spanish language. If you know of an industrial concern or an export house looking for the intelligence and technical knowledge of an alert young European chap, contact Box 146-T.

ADULT BOARD—remote Maine house; salt river; simple family life; $15 weekly; $20 with art instruction. M. H. Rockwell, R. D. F. Wiscasset, Maine.

MATURED GENTLEMAN, European, perfect French wants correspondence with refined lady. Box 370-T.

EVENING WORK needed by student, writer, veteran, 30, varied experience, college, N. Y. C. Box 371-T.

NON-BREAKABLE RECORDS! Classics, semi-classics, religious, Roosevelt addresses, children's specials. Higher fidelity, better tone. No shipping charges. Send for free list. Herald Non-Breakable Record Co., 1118 Walnut St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

ADIRONDACKS. Private 7-room cottage, also private 4-room cottage; both in beautiful location and well equipped. Rent for season or month. Detailed information on request. Box 372-T.

APPLE HILL CAMP takes children 6-12, July & August, for summer of closely-supervised fun; swimming, crafts, riding, archery, mountain camping, etc. Emphasis on sportsmanship. Inclusive fee: $300. Uniforms supplied. Write for booklet. Box S, East Pepperell, Mass

APPLE HILL—Charming pre-Revolutionary farmstead offers modern comfort, delicious food, warm informality from $25 weekly. Write: Guy Murchie, East Pepperell, Mass.

THE DELAWARE VALLEY COLONY, published monthly at New Hope, Pennsylvania, brings you the best in modern fiction, poetry, essays and special articles. Illustrated. Rates: $2.50 yearly, single copies 25 cents. Begin your sub with the May 1947 issue. Address Virginia Clarke, Editor, The Delaware Valley Colony, New Hope, Pennsylvania

SIGMUND FREUD'S "COLLECTED PAPERS," Vol. I-IV wanted. Box 373-T.

SOMETIMES TIRED BUSINESSMAN with varied interests desires diversion via feminine correspondence. Box 374-T.

FORMER MERCHANT MARINE OFFICER, University graduate in Economics, seeks employment in South America. Speaks Spanish. Age 24. Available in August. Box 269-T.

VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP right from trees to you. Gallons $8.50, half-gallons $4.50, quarts $2.75 delivered East of the Mississippi. Send money to John Shelby, Barre, Vermont.

WANT TO MAKE A GOOD TRADE? Got anything, to buy, sell or swap? Send $1 for 8 months' subscription for YANKEE Magazine. Box SRL, Dublin, New Hampshire. "A Good Trade on Every Page."

VETERAN, COLLEGE STUDENT. Summer for sale. Desires work and travel. Box 381-T.

TEACHER WANTED, English and Latin, New Hampshire girls' school, two hours from Boston, $2200 to $2400, with maintenance. Address Box 382-T.

WHAT IS NEW AND IMPORTANT IN FRANCE THESE HECTIC DAYS? . . . What are the French people thinking today? And how do their attitudes change from month to month? What do these changes mean? . . . Summarized every month by authorities writing direct from France. Many important subjects including: Review of the French Press, Books, the Arts, United Nations, Fashions, etc. Interestingly illustrated. Send 25c for sample copy, $3.00 yearly. Revue de la Pensée Française, 58 West 57 Street, Studio 39A, New York 19 N. Y.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 682

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

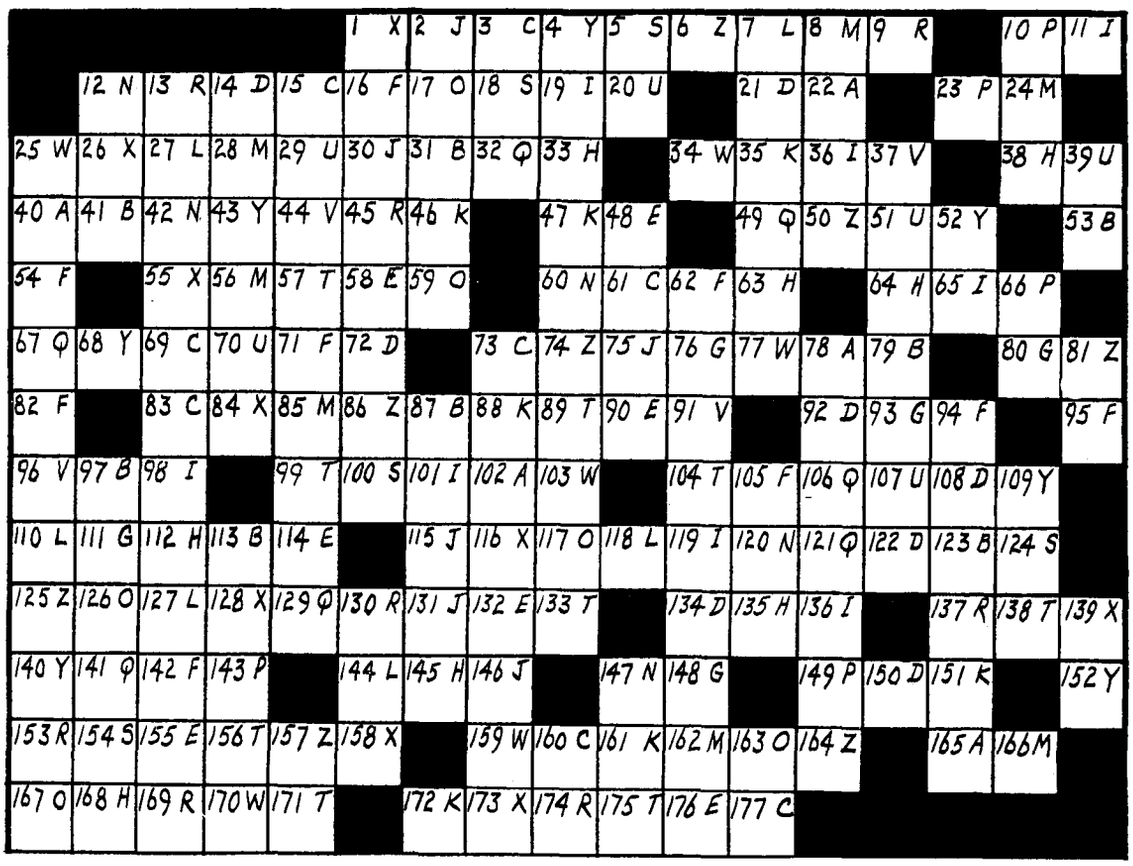
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Extensive unstratified deposit of loam (N.A., Asia, Europe, Geol.).	40 165 78 102 22
B. Emergence from a covering, as an insect from its pupa case (Zool.).	31 113 97 53 79 41 123 87
C. Seigniory; domain.	3 15 69 83 177 61 160 73
D. Doctrine that all things tend to ultimate good though not always along the best road (Metaph.).	134 108 92 122 150 21 72 14
E. Siegmund's sword (Ring of the Nibelung).	48 132 58 114 155 90 176
F. Canadian woman novelist (1885- ; "Jalna").	71 82 142 62 54 95 16 105 94
G. English woman novelist ("The Nutmeg Tree"; 1937).	148 111 80 93 76
H. Unsteady; vacillating; staggering.	64 112 63 168 38 145 135 33
I. Resembling a fingernail in shape or texture (Med.).	36 11 98 19 65 101 119 136
J. Any obtrusively puritanical person (contemptuously; Colloq.).	115 75 146 131 2 30
K. Any of various sea birds whose eggs are used for food (2 wds.).	151 161 46 172 47 35 88
L. Gusts or waves of odor.	110 118 7 127 27 144
M. American woman sculptor and author (1887-).	162 24 28 166 85 56 8

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Furnished with a bristle-shaped tip, like oats, etc. (Bot.).	147 60 120 42 12
O. To keep telling, arguing or the like, as one story, etc.	163 167 17 126 117 59
P. Indians of the northern division of the Athapascan stock.	149 10 23 143 66
Q. English woman poet and fiction writer ("Off the Skelligs," 1872).	106 32 121 129 49 141 67
R. To feign illness or inability	169 153 137 174 45 9 13 130
S. First name of famous Vermont Revolutionary War hero.	5 154 100 18 124
T. Noted movie dog (Comp.).	156 138 171 99 57 133 104 89 175
U. English Royalist and diarist of historic interest (1620-1706).	29 51 39 70 20 107
V. Chinese dynasty, preceding the Manchu dynasty, noted for its works of art.	37 44 96 91
W. Second son and fourth child of Queen Victoria; father of Queen Marie of Rumania.	170 77 34 159 103 25
X. Unutterable.	26 139 173 128 55 116 1 158 84
Y. Tyros.	152 68 43 4 140 52 109
Z. City in Yugoslavia, source of a world-shaking event.	164 157 81 86 125 74 6 50

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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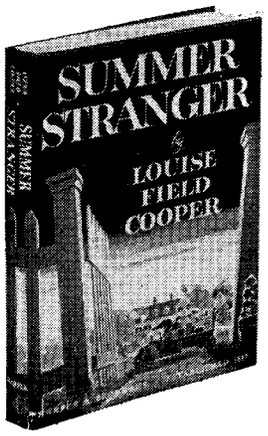
"A novel that is lighter than air and at the same time sharp, witty, and wholly pleasing."—*The New Yorker*

Summer Stranger

by Louise Field Cooper



"Gay, fragrant and simple, Mrs. Cooper's idyll of youth and the seashore is ingeniously constructed and deftly written. But it is more than that... It is seldom that the contemporary American novel succeeds in enclosing its social criticism in so enticing an envelope."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"One of those deceptively simple tales whose gentle surface hides depths of feeling and of understanding... *Summer Stranger* is penetrating and pertinent. It is a delight to read."—*Chicago Tribune*

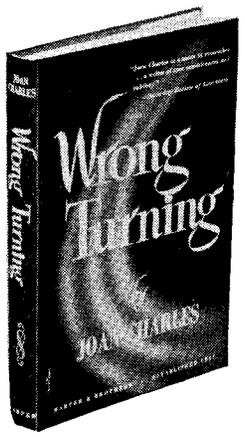
"Light reading with a difference... if some of her characters are etched in acid, they are unfailingly witty and often painfully accurate."—*St. Louis Star Times*

"Social comedy at its deftest and finest. The humor comes out of the situations and the writing is first-rate."—*N. Y. Post* $2.75

"Joan Charles is a name to remember... a writer of rare sensitiveness and subtlety."—*Saturday Review of Literature*

Wrong Turning

by Joan Charles



This is the story of Faith Denny, who grew up under the oppressive shadow of her mother's great beauty, to escape to a life and individuality of her own.

"A conflict between mother and daughter will always prove interesting reading... This is a sensitive, accurate portrayal... an excellent picture of the clash of two differing feminine temperaments."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

"One of the most thorough studies of character to be found in contemporary literature... Significant and skillfully written... Through her interpretation of character emerges the universality of her theme."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

"Fresh and stimulating... The author writes with delicacy and subtlety."—*Indianapolis Star*

"Written with finesse and keen penetration."—*Chicago Sun*

"Done with beauty and compassion... unswervingly good writing."—*Boston Globe*

By the author of *The Dark Glass* and *Son and Stranger.* $2.75

At all bookstores • HARPER & BROTHERS • New York 16

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